

THE
Lancashire VVitches,

AND

Tegue o Dibelly

THE

Irish PRIEST.

A

COMEDY

Part the First.

THE

Amorous Bigot,

with the Second Part of

Tegue o Dibelly

A

COMEDY.

Both Acted by their Majesties Servants.

Written by *Thomas Shadwell* Poet-Laureat, and Historiographer Royal to
their Majesties.

London, Printed for *R. Clavell, J. Robinson, A. and J. Churchill, and J. Knap-*
ton, and are to be Sold at the *Crown* in *St. Pauls Church-yard*, 1691.

THE
Lancashire Witches
AND
The Virgin & the Devil

THE
High Priest
A
COMEDY

Part the First
THE
Amorous Bigot

With the Second Part of
The Virgin & the Devil
A
COMEDY

Both Acted by their Majesties Servants

Printed by Thomas Staggell, Stationer, and Hydrographer Royal to
his Majesty

Under Printed for R. Chiswell, T. Richardson, and J. Gower, at the
Sign of the Crown in St. Pauls Church-yard, 1681

TO THE READER.

Fops and Knaves are the fittest Characters for Comedy, and this Town was wont to abound with variety of Fainties and Knaveries till this unhappy division. But all run now into Politicks, and you must needs, if you touch upon any Humour of this time, offend one of the Parties. The Bounds being then so narrow, I saw there was no scope for the writing of an intire Comedy, (wherein the Poet must have a relish of the present time;) and therefore I resolv'd to make as good an entertainment as I could, without tying my self up to the strickt rules of a Comedy, which was the Reason of my introducing of Witches. Yet I will be bold to affirm, that Young Hartford, Sir Timothy, Smerk, and Tegue O'Divelly, are true Comical Characters, and have something new in 'em. And how any of these (the Scene being laid in Lancashire) could offend any Party here, but that of Papists, I could not imagine, till I heard that great opposition was design'd against the Play (a month before it was acted) by a Party, who (being so ashamed to say it was for the sake of the Irish Priest) pretended that I had written a Satyr upon the Church of England, and several profest Papists rail'd at it violently, before they had seen it, alledging that for a reason, such dear Friends they are to our Church. And (notwithstanding all was put out that could any way be wrested to an offence against the Church) yet they came with the greatest malice in the World to hiss it, and many that call'd themselves Protestants, joynd with them in that noble enterprize.

How strickt a scrutiny was made upon the Play you may easily see for I have in my own vindication Printed it just as I first writ it; and all that was expunged is Printed in the Italick Letter. All the difference is, that I have now Ordained Smerk, who before was a young Student in Divinity, expecting Orders and to be Chaplain to Sir Edward. The Master of the Revels (who I must confess us'd me civilly enough) Licenc'd it at first with little alteration: But there came such an Alarm to him, and a Report that it was full of dangerous reflections, that upon a Review, he expunged all that

To the Reader.

you see differently Printed, except about a dozen lines which he struck out at the first reading.

But, for all this, they came resolved to his at it right or wrong, and had gotten necessary Fellows, who were such Fools they did not know when to hiss and this was evident to all the Audience. It was wonderful to see men of great Quality and Gentlemen in so mean a Combination. But to my great satisfaction they came off as meanly as I could wish. I had so numerous an assembly of the best sort of men, who stood so generously in my defence, for the three first days, that they quashed all the vain attempts of my Enemies, the inconsiderable Party of Hissers yielded, and the Play lived in spite of them.

Had it been never so bad, I had valued the honour of having so many, and such Friends, as eminently appeared for me, above what of exceeding the most admirable Johnson, if it were possible to be done by man.

Now, for reflecting upon the State of England, you will find, by many expressions in the Play, that I intended the contrary. And I am well assured that no Learned, or Wise Orator of the Church will believe me guilty of it. I profess to have a true value and respect for them.

But they who say that the representation of such a Fool and Knave as Smerk (who is declared to be an infamous Fellow, not of the Church, but crept into it for a Lively hood, exposed for his Puff and Knavery, and expelled the Family) should concern or reflect upon the Church of England, do sufficiently abuse it. A foolish Lord or Knight is daily represented nor are there any so silly to believe it an abuse to their Order. Should Thompson, or Mason, or any Impudent Headstrong Country Fool be exposed? I am confident that the Saker and the Wise Divines of the Church will be so far from thinking themselves concerned in it, that they desert them as much as I do.

Nor should any of the Irish Nation think themselves concerned, but Kelly (one of the Murderers of Sir Edmond Bury Godfrey) which I make to be his feign'd Name, and Tegue O Dively his true one. For Whores and Pilests have several names still.

Some of the worsted Party of the Hissers were so malicious to make People believe (because I had said the Scene in Lancashire) that I had reflected personally on some in that, and in an adjoining County; which no man, that will give himself leave to think can believe. And I do hereby solemnly declare the contrary, and that it was never once in my Thoughts to do so.

But

To the Reader

But the Clamour of a Party (who can support themselves by nothing but falsehood) rose so high, as to report that I had written Sedition and Treason, had reflected upon His Majesty, and that the Scope of the Play was against the Government of England, which are Villanies I talker, and some of the Reporters I believe would not stick at. But I am well assured they did not believe themselves only (but of malice to me) brought it they could bring the report to Windsor (which they did) by that means to cause the silencing the Play, without farther Examination: But they who had the Power, were not just for that, and let it live.

For these Reasons I am forced, in my own Vindication, to Print the whole Play just as I writ it (without adding or diminishing) as all the Actors who rehears'd it so a fortnight together, before it was reviewed, may testify.

For the Magical part, I had no hopes of equalling Shakespear in fancy, who created his Witchcraft for the most part out of his own imagination (in which faculty no Man ever excell'd him) and therefore I resolv'd to take mine from Authority. And to that end, there is not one Action in the Play, nay scarce a word concerning it, but is borrow'd from some Antient, or Modern Witchmonger Which you will find in the Notes, wherein I have presented you a great part of the Doctrine of Witchcraft, believe it who will. For my part, I am (as it is said of Surly in the Alchymist) somewhat co-sive of belief. The Evidences I have represented are natural, viz. slight, and frivolous, such as poor old Women were wont to be hang'd upon.

For the Actions, if I had not represented them as those of real Witches, but had shew'd the Ignorance, Fear, Melancholy, Malice, Confederacy, and imposture that contribute to the belief of Witchcraft, the people had wanted diversion, and there had been another clamor against it, it would have been call'd Atheistical, by a prevailing party who take it ill that the power of the Devil should be lessen'd; and attribute more miracles to a silly old Woman, than ever they did to the greatest of Prophets, and by this means the Play might have been Silenced.

I have but one thing more to observe, which is, that Witchcraft, being a Religion to the Devil, (for so it is, the Witches being the Devil's Clergy, their Chans upon several occasions being so many Offices of the Witches Liturgy to him,) and

To the Reader.

and attended with as many Ceremonies as even the Popish Religion is, 'tis remarkable that the Church of the Devil (if I may catachrestically call it so) has continued almost the same, from their first Writers on this Subject to the last. From Theocritus his Pharmaceutria, to Sadducismus Triumphatus: and to the shame of Divines, the Church of Christ has been in perpetual alteration. But had there been as little to be gotten in one as in the other, 'tis probable there would have been as few changes.

I have troubled you too long, speak of the Play as you find it.

PRO

PROLOGUE.

OUR Poet once resolv'd to quit the Stage,
But seeing *Why* *He* *Plays* *displease* *the* *Age,*
He is *drawn in:* *and thinks* *to pass* *with* *ease,*
He cannot *write* *so ill* *as* *some* *that* *please.*

Our Author says he has no need to fear,
All faults *but* *of* *good* *Writing* *you* *can* *hear.*
The common *Eyes* *all* *painings* *please* *alike;*
Signs *are* *as* *good* *to* *them* *as* *pieces* *of* *Vandike.*

Our Author boasts he understands Few,
And from *the* *many* *he* *appeals* *to* *you:*
For *(tho' in* *Interest* *most* *should* *judge,)* *'tis* *fit*
There *should* *an* *Oligarchy* *be* *in* *It's:*

False Wit is now the most pernicious Weed,
Rank *and* *o'er* *grown* *and* *all* *run* *up* *to* *Seed.*
In *English* *Palaces* *much* *of* *it* *is* *employ'd,*

With nasty spurious stuff the Town is Cloy'd,
Which *daily* *from* *the* *Teeming* *Press* *I* *have* *found,*
But *true* *Wit* *seems* *in* *Magick* *Festivals* *bound,*

Like Sprights which Conjurers Circles do surround.
The *Age* *for* *its* *must* *rankle* *farther,* *when*
It *cannot* *bear* *the* *Canterbury* *Don.*

When Satyr the true Medicine is declin'd,
Whose *hope* *of* *Cure* *can* *our* *Corruptions* *find?*
If *the* *Poet* *and* *only* *to* *please* *must* *be,*
Juglers, *Rope-dancers,* *are* *as* *good* *as* *he.*

Instruction is an honest Poet's aim,
And *not* *a* *large* *or* *Wide,* *but* *a* *good* *Fame.*

But he has found long since this would not do,
And *therefore* *thought* *to* *have* *diserv'd* *you:*

But Poets and Young Girls by no mishaps
Are *warn'd,* *those* *darning* *fright* *not,* *nor* *these* *Claps.*

Their former Itch will spite of all persuade,
And *both* *will* *fall* *again* *to* *their* *old* *Trade:*

Our Poet says, that some resolve in spite
To *damn,* *tho* *good,* *what* *ever* *he* *shall* *write.*

He fears not such as right or wrong oppose,
He *swears,* *in* *sense,* *his* *Friends* *outweigh* *such* *foes.*

He cares not much whether he sink or swim,
He *will* *not* *suffer* *but* *we* *shall* *for* *him.*

We then are your Petitioners to Day,
Your *Charity* *for* *this* *Crippled* *plea* *we* *pray:*
We *are* *only* *loosers* *if* *you* *damn* *the* *Play:*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sir Edward Hartford.

Young Hartford his Son.

Sir Jeffery Shacklehead.

Sir Timothy Shacklehead.

Tom. Shacklehead.

Smerk,

Tegue O Dively.

Bellfort.

Doubry.

La. Shacklehead.

A worthy Hospitable true English Gentleman, of good understanding, and honest Principles.

A Clownish, Sordid Country Fool, that loves nothing but drinking Ale, and Country Sports.

A simple Jester, pretending to great skill in Witches, and a great Persecuter of them.

Sir Jeffery's Son, a very pert, confident, simple Fellow, bred at Oxford, and the Inns of Court.

Sir Jeffery's poor Younger Brother, an humble Companion, and led drinker in the Country.

Chaplain to Sir Edward, Foolish, Knavish, Popish, Arrogant, Insolent, yet for his Interest, a Devil.

The Irish Priest, an equal mixture of Fool and Knave.

Two Yorkshire Gentlemen of good Estates, well bred, and of good Sense.

Wife to Sir Jeffery, a notable discreet Lady, something inclined to Whoreness.

Theodosia. Daughter to Sir Jeffery, and Lady. Women of good Humour, Wit, and Beauty.

Isabella. Daughter to Sir Edward Hartford.

Susan. House-keeper to Sir Edward.

Clod. A Country Fellow, a retainer to Sir Edward's Family.

Thomas o Georges. Another Country Fellow.

Constable.

The Devil.

Mother Demdike.

Mother Dickenson.

Mother Hargrave.

Mal. Spencer.

Madge, and several others.

Witches.

Old Woman that searches them.

Servants, Dancers, Musicians, Messengers, &c.

The Scene in Lancashire, near Pendle-Hills.

THE
Lancashire Witches
 AND
 TEGUE O'DIVELLY
 THE
Irish PRIEST.

ACT. I.

Enter Sir Edward Hartford and Smerk.

Smerk.

SIR, give me leave, as by my duty bound,
 To let you know (though I am lately come
 Into your Family) I have observ'd
 (for all your real Courtesie, and seeming Mirth
 Among your Friends that visit you) a fixt
 And constant Melancholy does possess you, Sir,
 When y^e are alone, and you seem not to relish

The happiness your ample Fortune, and
 The great esteem your Worth has ever gain'd
 From all good men might give you, I am bound
 To enquire the Cause, and offer my Advice

Sir Edw. Pray search no further, I, for once, can pardon
 The rashness of your curiosity.

I did not take your for my Conncellor.

Smerk. You now, Sir, are become one of my Flock:
 And I am bound in Conscience to advise,
 And search into the troubles of your Spirit,
 To find the secrets that disturb your Mind.

Sir Edw. I do not wonder, that a person should
 Be foolish and pragmatical; but know,

B

I will

*I will advise and teach your Master of Artship
(That made you Lord it over Boyes and Freshmen)*

To add to your small Logick and Divinity

Two main Ingredients, Sir, Sence and Good-manners,

Smerk. Consider, Sir, the Dignity of my Function.

*Sir Edw. Your Father is my Taylor, you are my Servant,
And do you think a Cassock and a Girdle
Can alter you so much, as to enable*

Tor (who before were but a Coxcomb, Sir,)

To teach me? Know I only took you for

A mechanick Divine, no read Church Prayers

Twice every day, and once a week to Teach

My Servants Honestly and Obedience.

You may be Betweather to a silly Flock,

And lead 'em where you please, but we're must hope

To govern Men of sence and knowledge.

*Smerk. My Office bids me say this is profane,
And little less than Atheistical.*

Sir Edw. You're insolent, you're one of the senseless,

Hot-headed Fools, that injure all your Tribe;

Learn of the wise, the moderate and good,

Our Church abounds with such examples for you.

I scorn the name of Atheist, you're ill-manner'd,

But who er'e touches one of your holy Persons,

You brand him home, and right, or wrong, no matter.

Smerk. My Orders give me Authority to speak.

Sir Edw. Your Orders separate, and set you apart

To Minister, that is, to serve in Churches,

And not to domineer in Families.

Smerk. A Power Legantine I have from Heaven.

Sir Edw. Show your Credentials. Come good petulant

Mr. Chop-Logick, pack up your few Books

And old Black thred-bare Cloths to morrow-morning,

And leave my House; get you a Wall-ey'd Mare,

Will carry double, for your Spouse and you,

When some cast Chamber-Maid shall smile upon you,

Charm'd with a Vicaridge of forty pound

A year, the greatest you can ever look for.

Smerk. Good Sir! I have offended, and am sorry.

I ne're will once commit this fault again,

Now I am acquainted with your Worships mind.

Sir Edw. So, now you are not bound in Conscience then.

The indiscretion of such poultry fellows

Are scandals to the Church and Cause they Preach for.

What fatal mischiefs have domestick Priests

Brought on the best of Families in England!

Where their dull Parsons give them line enough,

First with the Women they insinuate,
 (Whose fear and folly makes them slaves t'you,)
 And give them ill opinions of their Husbands.
 Ofs ye divide them, if the Women rule not.
 But, if they govern, then your reign is sure.
 Then y' have the secrets of the Family,
 Dispose oth' Children, place and then displace,
 Whom, and when you think fit.

Smerk. Good, Noble Sir! I humbly shall desist.

Sir Edw. The Husband must not drink a Glasse, but when
 You shall, of your good grace, think fit for him.
 None shall be welcome but whom you approve;
 And all this favour is, perhaps, requited
 With the infusing of ill principles into the Sons,
 And stealing, or corrupting of the Daughters.
 Sometimes upon a weak and bigot Patron you
 Obtain so much to be Executor:
 And, if he dies, marry his Widow, and
 Claim then the cheating of his Orphans too.

Smerk. Sweet Sir, forbear, I am fully sensible.

Sir Edw. With furious zeal you press for Discipline.
 With fire and blood maintain your great Diana.
 Foam at the mouth when a Dissenter's nam'd,
 (With fiery eyes, wherein we flaming see
 A persecuting spirit,) you roar at
 Those whom the wisest of your function strive
 To win by Gentleness and easie ways.
 You dam'em, if they do not love a Suplice.

Smerk. Had I the power, I'd make them wear pitch'd Surplices,
 And light them till they flam'd about their Ears,
 I would —

Sir Edw. Such Firebrands as you but hurt the Cause.
 The learnedst and the wisest of your Tribe
 Strive by good life and meekness to o'come them.
 We serve a Prince renown'd for Grace and Mercy,
 Abhorring wayes of Blood and Cruelty;
 Whose Glory will, for this, last to all Ages.
 Him Heaven preserve long quiet in his Throne
 I will have no such violent Sons of Thunder,
 I will have moderation in my House.

Smerk. Forgive my zeal, and, if your Worship please,
 I will submit to all your wise Instructions.

Sir Edw. Then (on your good behaviour) I receive you.
 Search not the secrets of my House or man.
 Vain was our Reformation, if we still
 Suffer auricular Confession here,

*By which the Popish Clergy rule the world,
No business in my Family shall concern you;
Preach nothing but good life and honesty.*

Smerk. I will not.

*Sir Edw. No controversial Sermons will I hear:
No meddling with Government; y^e are ignorant
Of Laws and Customs of our Realm, and should be so.
The other world should be your care, not this.*

*A Plow-man is as fit to be a Pilot,
As a good Clergy-man to be a States-man, Sir:
Besides, the People are not apt to love you,
Because your sloth is supported by their labours.
And you do hurt to any Cause you would
Advance.*

Smerk. I humbly bow, Sir, to your Wisdom,

*Sir Edw. A meek and humble modest Teacher be;
For piteous trifles you Divines fall out.
If you must Quarrel, Quarrel who shall be
Most honest men; leave me, and then consider
Of what I have said.*

*Smerk. I will do anything,
Rather then lose your Worships grace and favour.*

Sir Edw. Begon.

[Exit Smerk.]

Enter Isabella.

*Isabella. Sir, why do you walk alone, and Melancholy?
I have observ'd you droop much on the sudden.*

*Sir Edw. Dear Isabella, the most solid joy
And comfort of my fading life! thou truest Image
Of thy dead Mother! who excell'd her Sex:
Fair, and not proud on't; witty, and not vain;
Not grave, but Wise; Chast, and yet kind and free;
Devout, not sower; Religious, not precise:
In her no foolish affectation was
Which makes us nauseate all good qualities.
She was all meekness and humility;
The tenderest Mother, and the softest Wife.*

*Isab. My Dearest and most Honoured Father,
(Had you not been the best of Parents living)
I could not have outliv'd that Mothers loss,
Loss of her tender care, and great example.*

*Sir Edw. Yet learn, my Child, never to grieve for that
Which cannot be recall'd; those whom I love
With tenderness I will embrace, when living,
And when they're dead strive to forget 'em soon.*

Isab. What is it can afflict you now, dear Father?

Sir

Sir Edw. Thou'rt wife, to thee I can declare my grief;
 Thy Brother has been still my tender care,
 Out of my duty, rather than affection,
 Whom I could never bend by Education
 To any generous Purpose, who delights
 In Dogs and Horses, Peasants, Ale and Sloth.

Ifab. He may have Children will be wiser, Sir.
 And you are young enough yet to expect
 Many years comfort in your Grand-children.

Sir Edw. To that end I would match the unhewn Clown
 To the fair Daughter of Sir *Jeffery Shacklehead*,
 Who has all the perfection can be wish'd
 In woman-kind, and might restore the breed:
 But he neglects her, to enjoy his Clowns,
 His foolish sports, and is averse to Marriage.
 I would not have my Name perish in him.

Ifab. } I am sure shee'l never help to the continuance.
aside. }

Sir Edw. But thou art good, my Child, obedient.
 And though Sir *Timothy*, Sir *Jeffery's* Son,
 Has not the great accomplishments I wish him,
 His tempter yet is flexible and kind,
 And will be apt to yeild to thy discretion.
 His person not ungracious, his Estate
 Large, and lies altogether about his House,
 Which (for its situation and its building)
 With noble Gardens, Fountains, and a River
 Running quite through his Park and Garden,
 Exceeds most in the North: Thou knowest, my Child,
 How this cross match will strengthen and advance
 My Family——He is coming hither from
 His sport, He has given his Horse to his man, and now
 Is walking towards us; I'll go and find
 My Lady and her Daughter.

[*Ex. Sir Edward.*]

Ifab. Oh hard fate!
 That I must disobey so good a Father:
 I to no punishment can be condemn'd
 Like to the Marriage with this foolish Knight.
 But by ill usage of him, I will make him,
 If possible, hate me as I hate him.

Enter Sir *Timothy Shacklehead*.

Sir Tim. Oh my Fair Cousin, I spied yee, and that made me give my man my
 Horse to come to you.

Ifab. Me! have you any business with me?

Sir Tim. Business! yes Faith, I think I have, you know it well enough, but we have had no sport this afternoon, and therefore I made haste to come to you.

Ifab. Such as you should have no sport made to you, you should make it for others.

Sir Tim. Ay, it's no matter for that; but Cousin, would you believe it, we were all bewitched, Mother Demdike and all her lings were abroad, I think; but you are the pretty Witch that enchants my heart. This must needs please her.

Ifab. Well said, *Academy of Complements*, you are well read I see.

Sir Tim. Ods Bud, who would have thought she had read that?

Ifab. Nay, for Learning and good breeding let Tim alone.

Sir Tim. Tim! I might be Sir Timothy in your mouth tho', one would think.

Ifab. I am sorry the king bestowed Honour so cheaply.

Sir Tim. Nay, not so cheaply neither; for though my Lady Mother had a dear Friend at Court, yet I was fain to give one a Hundred pounds, besides my fees, I am sure of that: Tim! hum go too.

Ifab. Was there ever so fullsome a Fool!

Sir Tim. Besides, I gave Thirty Guineas for the sword I was Knighted with to one of his Nobles, for the King did not draw his own sword upon me.

Ifab. Do you abuse the Nobility? would a Nobleman sell you a sword?

Sir Tim. Yes that they will, sell that or any thing else at Court. I am sure he was a great Courtier, he talked so prettily to the Kings Dogs, and was so familiar with them, and they were very kind to him, and he had great interest in them. He had all their names as quick, and Mumper and I don't know who, and discours'd with them, I protest and vow, as if they had been Christians.

Ifab. Oh thou art a pretty Fellow; hey for little Tim of Leicester.

Sir Tim. You might give one ones Title one would think, I say again, especially one that loves you too.

Ifab. Yes, I will give you your Title.

Sir Tim. Thank you, dear Cousin.

Ifab. Take that, and your proper Title, Fool.

Sir Tim. Fool! I defy you, I scorn your words, 'tis a burning shame you should be so uncivil, that it is: Little thinks my Lady Mother how I am used.

Ifab. Once for all, as a Kinsman I will be civil to you; but if you dare make love to me, I'll make thee such an Example, thou shalt be a terror to all foolish Knights.

Sir Tim. Foolish! Ha, ha, ha, that's a pretty jest; why have I been at Oxford and the Inns of Court? I have spent my time well indeed if I be a Fool still. But I am not such a Fool to give you over for all this.

Ifab. Dost thou hear? thou most incorrigible Lump, never to be light into form? thou Coxcomb Incarnate; thou fresh, insatiable, witless, mannerless Knight, who wearest a Knighthood worse than a Haberdashers of small Wares would, it serves but to make thy folly more eminent.

Sir Tim. Well, well, forsooth, some Body shall know this.

Ifab. Every one that knows thee, knows it. Dost thou think, because thy foolish Mother has Cocker'd thee with Morning Candles, and Afternoons Luncheons, thou art fit to make Love? I'll use thee like a Dog if thou dar'st but speak once more of Love, or name the Word before me.

Sir Tim. Mum, mum, no more to be said, I shall be heard some where. Will your Father maintain you in these things, ha Gentlewoman? *Isab.* Tell if thou durst, I'll make thee tremble. Heart, if you ben't gone now presently, I'll beat you. *[Ex. Sir Tim.]*

Enter Theodosia.

Isab. My Dear, art thou come! I have been just now tormented by thy foolish Brother's awkward Courtship, forgive me that I make so bold with him.

Theo. Prethee do, my Dear, I shall be as free with thine, though he is not so great a Plague, for he is bawfull, very indifferent, and for ought I perceive, to my great Comfort, no Lover at all: But mine is pert, foolish, confident, and on my Conscience in love to boot.

Isab. Well, we are resolved never to Marry There we are designed, that's certain. For my part I am a free English Woman, and will stand up for my Liberty, and property of Choice.

Theo. And Faith, Girl, I'll be a mistress on thy side; I hate the imposition of a Husband, 'tis as bad as Popery.

Isab. We will be Husband and Wife to one another, dear Theodosia.

Theo. But there are a brace of Sparks we saw at the *Spaw*, I am apt to believe would forbid the Banes if they were here.

Isab. *Belfort* and *Doubty*, they write us word they will be here suddenly, but I have little hopes; for my Father is so resolved in whatever he proposes, I must despair of his consent for *Belfort*, though he is too reasonable to force me to Marry any one; besides he is engaged in Honour to your Father.

Theo. Nay, if thou thinkest of subjection still, or I either, we are in a desperate case: No, mutiny, mutiny, I say.

Isab. And no Money, no Money will our Fathers say.

Theo. If our Lovers will not take us upon those Terms, they are not worthy of us. If they will, farewell Daddy, say I.

Isab. If so, I will be as hearty a Rebel, and as brisk as thou art for thy Life; but canst thou think they are such Romancy Knights, to take Ladies with nothing? I am scarce so vain, though I am a Woman.

Theo. I would not live without vanity for the Earth; if every one could see their own faults, 'twould be a sad World.

Isab. Thou sayst right, sure the World would be almost depopulated, most men would hang themselves.

Theo. Ay, and Women too: Is there any creature so happy as your affected Lady? or conceited Coxcomb?

Isab. I must confess they have a happy error, that serves their turn better than truth; but away with Philosophy, and let's walk on and consider of the more weighty matters of our Love.

Theo. Come along, my Dear.

[Ex. Isabella and Theodosia.]

Enter Sir Timothy.

Sir Tim. What a Pox is the Matter? She has piss'd upon a Nettle to day, or else the Witches have bewitched her. *Isab.* now I talk of Witches, I am plaguily afraid, and all alone: No, here's Nuncle *Thomas*.

Enter

Enter Tho. Shacklehead.
Tho. Sha. How now, Cousin?
Sir Tim. Cousin? plain Cousin? You might have more manners, Uncley's Flesh, and one gives you an Inch, you'll take an Ell. I see Familiarity breeds Contempt.

Tom. Sha. Well, Sir Timothy, then, By'r Lady I thought no harm; but I am your Uncle, I'll tell a that.

Sir Tim. Yes, my Father's younger Brother. What a murrain do we keep you for, but to have an Eye over our Dogs and Hawks, to drink Ale with the Tenants (when they come with Rent or Presents) in Black Jacks, at the upper end of a Brown Shovel-board Table in the Hall? to sit at lower end o'th Board at Meals, rise, make your Leg, and take away your Plate at second Course? and you to be thus familiar!

Tom. Sha. Pray forgive me, good Cousin; Sir Timothy, I mean.

Sir Tim. Very well, you will be saucy again, Uncle. Uds lod, Why was I Knighted but to have my Title given me? My Father, and Lady Mother can give it me, and such a Fellow as you, a meer younger Brother, to forget it!

Tom. Sha. Nay, nay, haud yee, you mun'ta in good part, I did but forget a bit, good Sir Timothy.

Sir Tim. My Mother would be in a fine taking about it, and she knew it.

Tom. Sha. Nay, pray now do not say ought to my Lady, by th' Maf's who'l be e'en stark wood an who hears on't. But look a, look a, here come th' Caurfers, the Hare ha's play'd the Dec't with us to neeght, we han been aw bewitched.

Sir Tim. Ay, so we have, to have the Hare vanish in open Field before all our Faces, and our Eyes never off from her.

Tom. Sha. Ay, and then awd Wife (they caw'n her Mother Demdike) to start up i'th same pleck! i'th very spot o' grawnt where we losten pu's!

Enter Sir Jefery Shacklehead, Sir Edward Hartfort, Young Hartfort, Chaplain, Clod, and other Servants.

Sir Edw. These are Prodigies you tell, they cannot be; your senses are deceived!

Sir Jeff. My senses deceived! that's well, is there a Justice in Lancashire has so much skill in Witches as I have? Nay, I'll speak a proud word, you shall turn me loose against any Witch-finder in Europe; I'd make an Als of Hopkins if he were alive.

Young Har. Nay I'll swear 'ts true, Pox on that awd Carrion Mother Demdike, she ha's marr'd all our sports, and almost kill'd two Brace of Greyhounds worth a Thousand pound.

Sir Edw. Dreams, meer Dreams of Witches, old womans fables, the Devils not such a Fool as you would make him.

Sir Jeff. Dreams! mercy upon me! are you so profane to deny Witches?

Smerke. Heaven defend! will you deny the existence of Witches? 'Tis very Atheistical.

Sir Edw. Incorrigible ignorance! 'tis such as you are Atheistical, that would equal the Devils power with that of Heaven it self. I see such simple Parsons cannot endure to hear the Devil dishonour'd.

Sir

Sir Jeff. No Witches? why I have hang'd above Fourscore. Read *Bodin*, *Remigius*, *Delrio*, *Nider*, *Institutor*, *Sprenger*, *Goultsman*, and *More*, and *Mallens Maleficium*, a great Author, that writes sweetly about Witches, very sweetly.

Sir Edw. *Mallens Maleficium* a Writer? he has read nothing but the Titles I see.

Sir Jeff. Oh, ay a great man, *Mallens* was a great man; Read *Cousin*, read the Antidote against Atheism: Well, I'll make work among your Witches.

Young Har. Ay good Sir Jeffery do; Uds Lud they'll grow so bold, one shan't go a Cantling, Hunting or Hawking for 'em one of these days; and then all the joy of ones life's gone.

Sir Edw. Why, are those all the joys of Life?

Young Har. Ay, Gods flesh are they; I'd not give a Farthing to live without 'em; what's a Gentleman but his Sports?

Tho. Sha. Nay by'r Lady, I mun have a snup of Ale now and then, besides sports.

Sir Jeff. Why hear's my Son, Sir Timothy, saw the hare vanish, and the Witch appear.

Sir Tim. That I did upon my honour, Sir Jeffery.

Enter Clod.

Clod. So ho, here's the Hare again.

Young Har. Ha Boys, loo on the Dogs; more sport, more sport.

Sir Edw. 'Tis almost dark, let's home: go to your Mistress, Fool.

Young Har. Time enough for that, Sir; I must have this Course first, halloo,

They all go out as to Courting.

Mother Demdike rises out of the ground as they re-enter.

Sir Jeff. Now, Sir Edward, do you see, the Hare is vanish'd, and here is the Hag.

Sir Edw. Yes I see 'tis almost dark, the Hare is run from your tired Dogs, and here is a poor old Woman gathering of sticks.

Smerk. Avant thou filthy Hag, I desie thee and all thy works.

Clod. This is wheint indeed, Sir, you are a Scolard, pray defend me.

Sir Jeff. Now you shall see how the Witches fear me.

Sir Edw. The old Women have reason to fear you, you have hang'd so many of 'em.

Sir Jeff. Now Tom Shacklehead, and you Clod, lay hold o' th' Witch quickly; now you shall see my skill; wee'll search her, I warrant she has biggs or teats a handful long about her parts that shall be nameless; then wee'll have her watched eight and forty hours, and prickt with Needles, to keep her from sleeping, and make her confess, Gad shee'll confess any thing in the world then; and if not, after all, wee'll tie her Thumbs and great Toes together, and sling her into your great Pond. Let me alone with her, I warrant ye; come, come, come, where are you?

Sir Edw. So I must have a poor old woman murder'd in my House.

Mother Demdike knocks down Tom Shacklehead and Clod, and vanishes.

Tom Sha. } Oh the Witch! the Devil!
Clod. }

Sir Jeff. How now, what's the matter?

Tom Shu. Why by'r Lady, the Deel' isch' matter, the old Hag has knockt us both dawn, and is vanisht under grawnt I think.

Sir Edw. Your fear has knockt you down, and the old woman has escap'd.

Sir Jeff. No, no, she has done't; a Witch has a mighty strength: Six men are not strong enough for a Witch of Four-score.

Sir Edw. Come prethy, *Sir Jeffery*, let's home and drive these fables out of our heads, it's dark.

Sir Jeff. Nay, I know how to deal with her, I'll send my Warrant and a Constable with't that is strong enough to beat Six Witches, ay, six the ablest Witches on 'em all: you'd wonder at it, but faith 'tis true. [Exeunt omnes.]

Mother Demdike re-enters

Demd. Ha, ha, ha, how I have fooled these fellows, let 'em go home and prate about it, this night wee'l revel in *Sir Edward's* Cellar, and laugh at the Justice. But to the business of the Night.

She sings

Come, Sisters, come why do you stay?

Our business will not brook delay,

a The Owl is flown from the hollow Oak.

From Lakes and Bogs the Todes do croak.

The Foxes bark, the Screech-Owl screams:

Wolves howl, Bats fly, and the faint beams

Of Glow-worms light grows bright apace;

The Stars are fled, the Moon hides her face.

b The Spindle now is turning round:

c Mandrakes are groaning under ground.

d Pth' hole, i'th' Ditch (our Nails have made)

e Now all our Images are laid,

Of Wax and Wool, which we must prick,

With Needles urging to the quick.

g Into the hole I'll pour a flood

Of Black Lambs blood, to make all good.

The Lamb with Nails and Teeth wee'l tear.

Come where's the Sacrifice? appear.

Enter Mother Dickenson, Hargrave, Mal Spencer, and several other Witches with a Black Lamb

Witches. 'Tis here:

Demd. Why are you all so tardy grown?

Must I the work perform alone?

Dicken. Be patient h' Dame, wee'l all obey.

Dem. Come then to work, anon wee'l play.

To yonder Hall

Our Lord wee'l call,

Sing, dance and eat,

Play many a feat,

And fright the Justice and the Squire,

And

And plunge the Cattel into the Mire.

But now to work

{ They tear the Black! Lamb in pieces, and
pour the Blood into the hole.

i Debter, Debter, do not Stay,
Upon the Waves go sport and play;
And see the Ship be cast away.

Come let us now our parts perform,
And scrape a hole, and raise a Storm.

Dicken. k Here is some Sea Sand I have gotten,
Which thus into the Air I throw.

Harg. Here's Sage, that under Ground was rotten,
Which thus a-round me I bestrow:

Spencer. Sticks on the Bank a-crofs are laid.

Harg. The hole by our nayls is almost made.
Hogs Bristles boyl witin the Pot.

Demd. The Hollow flint Stone I have got,
Which I over my Shoulder throw,
Into the West to make Winds Blow.

Now Water here, and Urine put,
And with your Sticks stir it about.

Now dip your Brooms, and toss them high,
To bring the Rain down from the Sky.

Not yet a Storm? Come let us wound
The Air with every dreadful sound,
And with live Vipers beat the ground.

*They beat the ground with Vipers, they bark, howl, hiss, cry like
Screech Owles, hollow like Owls, and make many confused
noises: The Storm begins.*

Song of three Parts.

NOW the Winds roar,
And the Skies pour
Down all their Store.

}

It Thunders and Lightens.

And now the Night's black,
Heark how the Clouds crack.
Heark how the Clonds crack.

}

It Thunders and Lightens.

A hollow din the Woods now make,
The Vallies tremble, Mountains Shake,
And all the living Creatures quake.

It Thunders and Lightens.

It keeps awake the sleepy fowl,
The Sailers Swear, the high Seas roll,
And all the frightened Dogs do howl.

}

*It Thunders and Lightens.
Demdike*

Demidike speaks, Now to our Tasks let's all be gone,
Our Master we shall meet anon,
Between the hours of twelve and one.

They all set up a laugh.

Enter *Clod* with a Candle and Lanthorn.

Clod. Whaw, what a Storm is this ! I think mother *Demidike* and all her *Dee's* are abroad to neeght, 'tis so dark too I cannot see my hont.
Oh the *Dee's* ! the *Dee's* ! help ! help ! this is Mother *Demidike*, help, s'flesh, What mun I do ? I cannot get down, 'twawnds Ayst he clem'd an I stay here aw neeght.

* One of the Witches flies away with the Candle and Lanthorn, Mother *Demidike* sets him upon the top of a Tree, and they all fly away Laughing.

Enter *Belfort* and *Douby*.

Bell. Was there ever such a Storm raised on a sudden, the Sky being clear, and no appearance on't before ?

Douby. But the worst part of our misfortune is to be out of our way in a strange Country, the night so dark that Owls and Bats are wildred.

Bell. There is no help, Cover the Saddles, and stand with the Horses under that Tree, while we stand close and shelter our selves here; the Tempest is so violent, it cannot last.

Douby. New Philosophy helps us to a little Patience, Heaven be praised we are not at Sea yet.

Bell. These troubles we Knight Errants must endure when we march in search of Ladies.

Douby. Would we were in as good Lodgings as our Dogs have which we seek before to *Whalley*. I fear too (after all this device of yours) our pretending to hunt here will never take.

Bell. Why so ?

Douby. Will any body think that a man in his right Wits should chuse this *Hilly* Country to hunt in ?

Bell. O, yes, there are Huntsmen that think there's no sport without venturing Neck's or Collar-bone; besides, there is no other way to hope to see our Mistresses: by this means we shall troll out my Mistresses Brother, who loves, and understands nothing but Country sports. By that we may get acquaintance with Sir *Edward Harfourt*, who is reported to be a wise, honest, hospitable, true English man. And that will bring us into Sir *Jeffery Shackthead's* family, *Whalley* being in the mid-way betwixt them.

Douby. I am resolv'd to see my Mistresses, what e're comes on't, and know my doon. Your *Yorkshire* Spaw was a fatal place to me, I lost a heart there, Heaven knows when I shall find it again.

Bell.

Bel. Those interviews have spoiled me for a man of this World. I can no more throw off my loose coats of Love upon a Tenants Daughter in the Country, or think of Cackolding a keeping Fool in the City; I am grown as pishful a whining, Loving animal as any Romance can furnish us with.

Doubt. That we should scape in all the *Tour of France* and *Italy*, where the Sun has power to ripen Love, and catch this distemper in the North! but my *Theodosia* in humour, wit, and beauty has no equal.

Bell. Besides my *Isabella*.

Doubt. To you your *Isabella*'s equal.

Bell. We are pretty fellows to talk of Love, we shall be wet to the Skin; yonder are lights in many Rooms; it must be a great House, let's make towards it.

Doubt. It is so dark, and among these Hills and Inclourses 'tis impossible. Will no lucky fellow, of this place, come by and guide us? We are out of all Roads.

Clod. Oh! Oh! what mun Ay do? Ay am well neegh parisht: I mun try to get dawn.

[He falls.]

Help, help, Murder, Murder.

Bell. What a Devil is here, a fellow fallen from the top of a Tree!

Doubt. 'Sdeath is this a night to climb in? what does this mean?

Clod. Oh! Oh!

Bell. Here, who art thou? What's the matter?

Clod. Oh the dee!; avant, I defi thee and all thy warks.

Doubt. Is he drunk or mad? give me thy hand, I'll help thee.

Clod. Begon, Witches I defi ye, help! help!

Bell. What dost thou talk of? we are no Witches nor Devils, but Travellers that have lost our way, and will reward thee well if thou wilt guide us into it.

Clod. An yeow been a mon Ay't talk wy ye a bit; yeow mun tack a care o your fells, the plece's haunted with Buggarts, and Witches, one of 'em took my Condle and Lanthorn out of my hont, and flew along wy it; and another set me o top o'th' tree, where I feel dawn naw; Ay ha well neegh brocken my theegh.

Doubt. The fellow's mad, I neither understand his words, nor his Sense, pre-thee how far is it to *Whalley*?

Clod. Why, yeow are quite besaid th' road mon, yeow shoulde a gone dawn th' bonk by *Thomas o Georges*, and then cen at yate, and tur'd dawn th' Lone, and left the Steepo o'th reeght hont.

Bell. Prithee don't tell us what we should have done, but how far is it to *Whalley*?

Clod. Why marry four mail and a bit.

Doubt. We'll give thee an Angel and shew us the way thither.

Clod. Marry that's whaint, I conno see my hont, haw con Ay show yeow to *Whalley* to neeght.

Bell. Canst thou shew us to any house where we may have Shelter and Lodging to night? we are Gentlemen and strangers, and will pay you well for't.

Clod. Ay, by'r Lady con I, th' best ludging and diet ree in aw *Lancashire*. Yonder at th' hough, where yeow seen th' leeghts there.

Doubt. Whose house is that?

Clod.

Clod. Why what a boy, where hast thou lived? why yeow are Strongers indeed! why, tis Sir *Theodosius*, he keeps open hawle to all Gentry, yeould be welcome to him by day and by night, he's Lord of aw hereabouts.

Bell. My Mistresses Father, Luck if it be thy will, have at my *Isabella*; Canst thou guide us thither?

Clod. Ay, Ay, there's a pauer of Company there naw, Sir *Jeffery Shackhead*, and the Knight his Son and Doughter.

Doubt. Lucky above my wishes, O my dear *Theodosius*, how my Heart leaps at her! prethee guide us thither, wee'l pay thee well.

Clod. Come on, I am e'en breed out o my senses, I was ne'er so freeghen'd sin I was born, give me your hont.

Bell. No, here are our Men and Horses, wee'l get up, and you shall lead the foremost: Now Stars be kind.

Ex. Omnes.

Notes upon the Magick.

* This is a solemn description of a fit time for Witches to be at Work. b The Spindle or Wheel is used in their Conjurations. *Marialis* makes it used for troubling the Moon, lib. 9. Ep. 3. *Qua nunc Thesalico lunam diducere rhombo*, & lib. 2. Ep. 67. *Cum sessa Chelco Luna valupat rhombo*. *Eacan*, who of all the Poets writes with the most admirable height about Witchcraft, in his sixth Book makes the Wheel or Spindle to be used in Love Matters, *Traxerunt torti Magicâ vertigine sili*, as does *Ovid* lib. 1. *Eleg. 8.* *Sen bene quid gramen, quid torto concita rhombo licia*, &c. And so *Propertius*, lib. 3. *Stammâ rhombi ducitur ille rota*. And lib. 2. *Deficiunt Magico torti sub carmine rhombi*. c The groaning of *Mandrakes* is a tradition of old Women, and that the groan kills. See the Notes in the Third *AO*, it has been always thought of great use in Magick. d For chusing Ditches for their Magick Rites, *Ovid Metam.* lib. 7. *de Medea*: *Haud procul egesta serebibus tellure duabus Sacra facit*. For scraping holes with their Nails, *Horat.* lib. 1. *Satyr 8.* concerning *Canidia* and *Sagana*; *Scalpere terram ungibus*. And it is used by our Modern Witches, as you shall find in *Malleus Maleficarum*, *Bodin*, *Remigius*, *Delrio*, &c. *Id* lib. 3. *disquisitionum Magicarum*, *Seft. 4.* *de sagittariis assasinis* & *imaginum fabricatorum Maleficis* tells many stories of their using Images, he says, *Haud multum a sagittariis discrepat genus maleficorum, qui quasdam fabricantur imagines, quas vel acubus pungunt, vel igne liquant vel confringunt*, &c. See *Heft.* *Boeth.* the History of King *Duff*, lib. 3. *rerum Scotticarum*. *Corn. Tacit.* Ann. 2. *de scelere Cijonis & morte Germanici*, says, *Reperiebantur solo & parietibus eruta humanorum corporum reliquia, carmina & devotiones, & nomen Germanici plumbeis tabulis insculptum, semivisti cineres & tæbe oblitæ, aliæque maleficia quibus creditur animas Numinibus inferni sacrari*. *Malleus Maleficarum*, and *Wierus* are full of examples of using Images in Witchcraft. *Hor.* lib. 1. *Sat. 8.* mentions both Waxen and Woolen Images, *Laneæ & effigies erat altera cerea*, &c. *Ovid.* *Epist.* *Hypsipyle to Jason*, *Devolet absentes simulacrâq; cerea fingit*. *Hor.* 18. *Epod.* *Qua movere cereas imagines*, *Ovid.* *Amor.* 7. *Eleg.* 6. *Sagare puniceâ defixit nomina cerâ*. *Id.* *Id.* *Et medium tenues in jecur urget acus*. *Id.* *Ep.* before quoted, following that Verse, *Et miserum tenues in jecur urget acus*. See *Bodin.* *Demonoman.* lib. 2. cap. 8. a great deal of stuff to this purpose. Once in my memory had this kind of Witchcraft sworn against her at the *Old-bayle*, before *Steel*, Recorder of *London*. g *Hor.* lib. 1. *Satur 8.* *de Canidia & Sagana*, *Pullam drevellere mordicus agnam ceperunt*, *Ovid* *metam.* 7. *cultroq; in guttur velleris artu conjicit & patulas perfundit sanguine fossas*. h All Witches, ancient and modern, are said to have one presiding at their conventions which they honour with a Title. *Apuleius* mentions the *Regina sagarum*; & *Delrio.* *Disq.* *Mag.* lib. 2. *quest.* 9. and this is found in all late examinations of Witches. i *Deber* is said to be the Demon of the night, that flies about and does mischief, and principally in Tempests. *Pet. de Loyer de spectris*, in English, page 12. And *Bodin*, lib. 2. cap. 4. says, *Deber* is the Demon of the night, and *Chelod* of the day. k For their rites in their imaginary raising of Storms, see *Bod.* lib. 2. cap. 8. *Remigius Demonol.* lib. 1. cap. 25. and cap. 19. also *Delrio.* lib. 2. *Quest.* 17. enumerates a great many odd rites (different from the following.) For troubling the Air, and bringing Darkness, Thunder, Rain, Hail, &c. see *Nider* in his *Formicarium*, cap. 4. *Olaus de gentibus septentrionalibus*, lib. 3. sub titulo *de Magis & Maleficis Finorum*, also *Malleus Maleficarum*. *Wierus* de prest. *Dem.* lib. 3. cap. 16. describes at large the way of raising a Storm. Speaking of the illusions of the Devil towards Witches, he

he says, *Itaq, eas instruit ut quandoq; filices post tergum occidentem versus præciant, aliquando ut ærenam aqua torrentis in aream projiciant, plerumq; scopas in aquam intremis duntaxat, versus Hæzant, vel fissata facia per loric insuso vel aqua digitum* (others say, *magnum ut hæzant*) *committunt ut in ore porcorum pilos* (or as others say, *Setas porcinas*) *bulant; nonnunquam trabes vel ligna in aqua transverso collidunt.* See Scot. p. 60. he adds the use of rotten Age. 1 *Lucan, lib. 6. Miratur Ericus has saxis liquide moras, ita- tag, morti Verberas immotum vivo serpente cadaver,* I use five Serpents here upon another occasion. In For these confused noises *Lucan* in the same Book, *Tunc vox Letheis cunctis præteritis herbis excipere Deos, confudit murmura primæ dissona, Et humane multum discordia lingue. Latrat hæc illa cæcum ge- mitusq; Læporum; quod trepidus bubo, quod strix nocturna queruntur, quod strident ætulis, fere, quod sibi- lar anguis, &c.* Tot rerum vox una fuit: See the latter part of the Notes in the second Act, about the raising of Tempests: If you be so curious, you may find something in all Authors that treat of Witches, and many of 'em mention one *Ericus* King of Sweden, who, as they believe, could do it by Ma- gick, as does *Delrio*, *Remigius*, and *Ludwigus*, *Elicus* *Demonomagia*, *Questio*, 6. *Silvest. Prierias de ord. Prædicatorum*, de *Strigimagic*, discourses of the power of Witches in raising Storms: and *Guacius compendium Maleficarum*, *Goddelmannus*, *Bartholomeus Spineus*, and many more.

A C T. II.

Enter *Isabella* and *Smerk*.

Isab. **H**OW this insolence proves me? [aside.
[to him.
 You are not sure in earnest!

Smerk. Can any one behold those radiant Eyes,
 And not have sentiments of Love like mine?

Isab. This fellow has read Romances as well as School-men.

Smerk. Those eyes to which mine are Burning-Glasses
 That to my Heart convey the Fire of Love,

Isab. What a Fustian Fool's this! Is this language
 For a Divine?

Smerk. Are not Divines made of those Elements
 Which make up other Men? Divines may be
 In Love I hope.

Isab. And may they make Love to the Daughter, without
 The consent of the Father?

Smerk. Undoubted, as Casuists must determine.

Isab. Will not common sense, without a Casuist, tell
 Us when we do wrong, if so, the Law we are
 Bound to, is not plain enough.

Smerk. Submit to the judgment of Divines, (sweet Lady).
 Marriage is not an Ordinance made by Parents,
 But from above deriv'd; and 'tis for that I sue.

Isab. Is it not fit I should obey my Father?

Smerk. O no, sweet Lady, move is not to him,
 Your Father has not reverence enough
 For the Church and Churchmen
 Besides, I'll tell you,
 He is Atheistically inclin'd: pardon my boldness;
 For he believes no Witches: But, Madam, if my
 Poor Person and my Parts may seem gracious to you,

You longfully may chafe me to make happy.

Isab. Your Personage must please; 'Tis aimable.

Smerk. As sweet Madam!

Isab. Your parts beyond exception, dear, spruce, bold,
And very diverting.

Smerk. No, no, dear Madam.

Isab. Who can behold your Face without pleasure? or
Consider your parts without Reverence?

Smerk. O Lord, I swear you pose me with your great
Civilities: I profess you do.

Isab. 'Tis impossible you should keep long from being
Dignified.

Smerk. 'Tis that I mainly aim at next the enjoyment
of so fine a Lady.

Isab. May I flatter my self to think you are in earnest?

Smerk. You may, most excellent Lady.

Isab. And so am I.

Smerk. Sweet Madam, I receive you as a Blessing on my Knees.

Isab. Thou most insolent of Pedants, thou silly formal Thing with a stiff plain Band, a
little parsonical Grogan, and a Girdle thou art so proud of, in which thou wouldst do well
to hang thy self; some have vouchsafed to use it for that purpose: Thou that never were
but a Curate,--a Journey-man Divine, as thy Father was a Journey-man Taylor, before
he could set up for himself, to have the impudence to pretend Love to me!

Smerk. My function yet, I say, deserves more reverence.

Isab. Does it make you not an Ass, or not a Taylor's Son?

Smerk. It equals me with the best of Gentry.

Isab. How, Arrogance! Can any power give Honour but the Kings? This is Popery,
I'll have you trounc'd. Could it once enter into thy vain pate, that I could be contented
with the pitiful equipage of a Parson's Wife? Bless me! to be carried home to an antique
building, with narrow windows, with huge Iron-bars, like an old Gaol in some Country Bar-
rough, wickedly abus'd too with dilapidations. To lye in Darneux Carriain; and a Bed-
Tetter carv'd with Idolatrous Images, out of two load of old Timber; or to have for a
Friend, or a lying in one better, one of worsted Chamberlains, and to be dress'd and undress'd by
my Cookmaid, who is my Woman and my Chambermaid, and serves me and the Hogs.

Smerk. I intend none of these. I assure you my House shall be--

Isab. I know what it will be: your Parlour hung with Greenprinted stuff, of the new fa-
shion, with gilt Leather in panes, a fencers breadth at least, stuff up with a great many
stinking Russia Leather Chairs, and an odious Carpet of the same; Then Shelves on one
side of your Crimney for a pare of Tables, a Chess-board, your frame of Wax Candles and
Tabaco-pipes.

Smerk. No, no, no, Madam.

Isab. On the other side, Shelves for huge Folios, by which you would be counted a great
read man; vast large volumes of Expositions upon a short Creed; some twenty folio; upon
the Ten Commandments; Lauds, Heylins, Andrews, and Tom Fuller's works, with
perhaps a piece of Austin, to shew you understand a Little Latin; and this is your Eccle-
siastical furniture, very fit for a Gentlewoman's sitting Room, is it not?

Smerk

Smerk. I understand the Mode, Madam, and condemn such vulgar Ornaments.

Ifab. And in this Parlor to eat Five-Tithe-Pigs in a week, brought in by my Women-Chamber-maid, Wallow-maid, Cook-maid, &c. And if in the morning day, waited on by your Groom, Ploughman, Carter, Butler, Tube-gatherer, all in one, with Horse-maid? d'you see, his head new wash'd with a flannel, with a flannel Band and no Cuffs.

Smerk. My merits will provide you better, please to hear me.

Ifab. Yet, I know your merits. Then to quibble with you, for my desert, your Back side of half an Acre, with some Sixteen Trees of Marygold and Sweeting-Apples, Horse-Plumbs, and Warden-Pears, hem'd in with pains of antique crumbling Clay; where I should have six Hives of Bees, and you a Mare and Foal, going with a Peacock and Hen.

Smerk. All these Enuch despise, would you bear.

Ifab. Heav'n! yet, how I should have nothing to entertain my Visitors with, but studd Prunes and Honeycombs, and flying Ale, bottled with Limon-pills, without all fight of Wine! And should I march abroad to visit, I would be behind my Cononical Husband, perhaps upon a piedbald Mare big with Foal, holding both hands upon his Girdle, and when at place appointed I arrive, for want of Groom, off slips my nimble Husband first, then helps me down. And now Fool I have painted thee, and what thou art to trust to in thy colours.

Smerk. I beseech you, Madam, moderate your passions: Hear my propositions.

Ifab. No, Impudence, my Father shall hear 'em.

Smerk. I beseech you, Madam, for frequent sake, that will undo me, I shall desist, I shall desist.

Enter Susan the Chambermaid.

Good lack, how a man may be mistaken!

I durst ha sworn, by her courtesie and frequent smiles, she had been in love with me.

Susan. Sweet Sir, what is befallen you? has my Lady anger'd you? If she can, her heart is not like mine.

Smerk. Nothing, Mrs. Susan, nothing but to be thus despised. [To himself.]

Susan. Dear Sir, can I serve you in any thing? I am bound. I ne're have been so elevated by any man; methinks I never should have enough of your powerful Ministry, Sweet Sir.

Smerk. Pish! if she tells her Father, I am ruin'd.

Susan. Dear man, now, come drive away this sadness.

Come, give me thy hand; let's sit down and be merry.

Smerk. How! my hand! go too.

This creature is in Love with me: But shall my prodigious natural parts, and no less amazing acquisitions in Metaphysicks and School Divinity be cast upon a Chambermaid? Farewell, I must not be too familiar. [Exit.]

Susan. So, scornful Cruel creature, I will soften thee yet. * Have I for thee sate days and nights cross Legg'd, and sigh'd before thou cam'st hither? And fasted on S. Agnes night for thee? And since thy coming have tied three colour'd True Lovers Knots, quill'd thy Cuffs, and starch'd thy Band my self, and never fail'd thee of thy morning Caudle or Jelly Broth? have I already put my Hair and Nails in Powder in thy Drink, and put a live Fish in a part about till it died, and then gave it thee to eat, and all for this! Well, I will mollifie thee. And Mother Demdike shall help me to morrow: I'll to her, and discourse her about it: If I have breath I cannot live without him.

D

Enter

Enter Sir Edward Hartfort and his Son.

Sir Edward. Susan, Go tell my Cousin *Theodosia*, I would speak with her.
Susan. I will Sir.

Yo. Har. Pshaw, now must I be troubled with making Love, a due take it for me: I had rather be a Courting an 'twere time o'th' day.

Sir. Edw. Now, Son, for your own good and my satisfaction, I would have you (since her Father and I am agreed) to settle this business, and marry with *Theodosia* with all the speed that can be.

Yo. Har. What hast Sir? for my part, I care not for Marriage, not I. I love my Neighbours, a Cup of Ale, and my sports, I care for nought else.

Sir. Edw. (But that thy Mother was too virtuous for my suspicion) I should think that by thy fordid mind thou wert a Stranger to my Blood; and, if you be not rul'd by me, assure your self I'll make you a stranger to my Estate.

Yo. Har. What does he mean now? hah, to disinherite me?

Sir Edw. No part of it's entail'd; and if you will not marry where I direct you your Sister will obey me, and may bring me one to inherit it. Consider that.

Enter Theodosia.

Here comes your Mistress, beautiful and good as any of her Sex. Sweet Cousin, be pleas'd to stay one moment with my Son: I'll wait on you again.

Theo. Your Servant Sir. How shall I be enterrai'd by this Dolt! how much rather had he be with Country Justices and Farmers, in a low Thatch'd House, with a smooth Black Pot of Ale in his hand, or with his Kites, Dogs and Cattel?

Yo. Har. What a Devil shall I say to her now? I had as lieve knock my head against the wall as make Love. Will you please to sit down Cousin?

Theo. Ay Cousin. And fall fast a-sleep if I can.

Yo. Har. 'Twas a great Storm, and rose very suddainly to night, Cousin.

Theo. Very true.

Yo. Har. Pox I don't know what to say to her.

'Tis almost over tho' now.

Theo. 'Tis so.

Yo. Har. 'Tis so, What a Devil shall I say more? Would I were at six go downs upon reputation, in Ale, without honest Tom Shacklehead.

What do you think 'tis a Clock, Madam?

Theo. Six minutes past eight by mine.

Yo. Har. Mine goes faster. Is yours *Aspenwold's*?

Theo. No, *Tompions*.

Yo. Har. 'Tis a very pretty one! Pish I can go no farther, not I.

Theo. 'Tis Bed-time.

Yo. Har. Ay so it is, and I am main sleepy by'r Lady, Courting had gotten me a woundy Stomack, And I eat like a Swine, Faith and Troth.

Theo. But it is got nothing to your Stomack.

Yo. Har. You have heard the story, we cour'd a Witch all day instead of a Hair, Mother *Demdick*.

Theo. 'Tis well you did not catch her, she would have been very tough meat.
Yo. Har. Ha, ha, ha, well, I vow that's very well. But I hope Sir Jeffery will hang the Witch, I am sure she has fired my Dogs and me so, that I am so sleepy I can scarce hold up my head by'r Lady.

Theo. I am tired too. This dullness is almost as tedious as his making of Love would be.

Yo. Har. If 'twould hold up now, we should have fine Weather for Hawking to morrow and then have at the Pows.

Theo. Your Hawks would not fly at Mother Demdike too.

Yo. Har. Nay, marry I cannot tell: But would you would go a Hawking, you should ride upon a Pad of mine, should carry you with a Bumper in your Hand, and not spill a drop.

Theo. I am for no Field Sports, I thank you Sir.

Yo. Har. Now can't I speak a word more. *[They pause.]*

Theo. Now methinks we are meer Man and Wife already, without marrying for the matter. Ha, he's asleep, and snores like the Base-pipe of an Organ: Tho' I like his indifference better than I should his Love; yet I have no patience to bear sleeping in my Face: that's a little too much.

Yo. Har. Oh Lord, what's that! Oh Mother Demdike! Oh, oh, the Witch, the Witch!

Theo. He talks in his sleep, I believe, e'en as well, as when he's awake.

Yo. Har. Murder, murder, oh help, the Witch, oh the Witch, oh, oh, Mother Demdike.

Theo. He talks and dreams of the Witch: I'll try a trick with him.

[She pulls the Chair from under him. Ea. exit.]

Yo. Har. Oh help, help, the Witch, the Witch, by there she vanish: I saw her, oh she flew up the Chimney. I'll go to Sir Jeffery, and take my Oath presently. Oh I am sore frightned.

Enter Isabella.

Oh the Witch, the Witch, Mother Demdike *[Exit. Yo. Har.]*

Isab. What ail's the Fool, is he mad?
 Here's a Coil with Witches.

Enter Sir Jeffery, Lady Shacklehead and Sir Timothy.

Sir Tim. Oh Madam, are you there? I have done your errand.

L. Sha. Your Servant Confin.

Isab. Your Ladyships humble Servant.

La. Sha. Look you Confin, Lady me no Ladies, unless you be civilier to Sir Timothy.

Sir Tim. Look you there.

Sir Jeff. I suppose you are not ignorant who we are.

La. Sha. Nay, pritheer, Sir Jeffery, hold; let me alone.

Sir Jeff. Nay, go on my Dear, thou shalt have it; well, thou art as notable a woman as any is within fifty miles of thy Head, I'll say that for thee.

La. Sha. Pray Cousin condemn me, breeding is a fine thing; but you have always liv'd in that Country: I have, for any part, been often at London, lodg'd in Covent Garden, ay, and been in the drawing Room too. Poor Creature, she does not know what that is.

Sir Jeff. Pray mind my Chicken, she's the best bred Woman in that Country.

La. Sha. Pray spare me, Sir Jeffery, here's Sir Timothy, I have bred him with great Care and Charge at Oxford, and the May of Court.

Sir Tim. Ay, and I have been in the drawing Room too.

La. Sha. I have gotten him Knighted too, for mine and Sir Jeffery's services, which we have perform'd in governing the Country about us so well.

Ifab. What does your Ladyship drive at?

Sir Tim. Ay, you know well enough: Now look as though Better would not melt in your Mouth.

La. Sha. Besides, let me tell you, Sir Timothy's Person's as charming as another's; his Shape and height perfect, his Face, though I say it, exceeding good, his Eyes vigorous and sparkling, his Nose and Chin resembling our Family's in short, Nature has not been negligent in his Composition.

Sir Jeff. Well, thou art the best spoken Woman in England, I'll say that for thee.

Ifab. I confess all this, Madam.

Sir Tim. Oh! do you so?

La. Sha. Pray give me leave, not one Knight in the Land dresses better, or wears better fanied Garniture, or better Perriwigs.

Sir Tim. My Trimming's my own Fancy, and the best Wig-maker in England, one in Crooked-lane works for me.

La. Sha. Hold, Sir Timothy, I say these things, premis'd; it is not fit to use my Son uncivilly: I am loth to complain to your Father, consider, and be wise. I know we are politickly coy, that's decent, I my self was so to Sir Jeffery.

Sir Jeff. Ay, by'r Lady was she. Well, I thought I should never have won thee: Thou wert a parlous Girl.

La. Sha. But I was never uncivil.

Ifab. I know not what you mean! I uncivil to my dear Cousin; what makes thee think so? I assure your Ladyship I value him as he deserves. What, Cousin, art angry for a jest? I think no man like him for my part.

Sir Jeff. Why, look, you Sir Tim.

La. Sha. Nay, Sir Timothy, you are to blame, Justice shews ones kindness, go too.

Sir Tim. I swear and vow, I thought you had been in earnest, Cousin. I am your humble Servant.

La. Sha. Well, we'll leave you together.

Sir Jeff. Come on, Boy, stand up to her, 'Gad I bore up briskly to thy Mother before I won her. Ah, when I was young, I would have—Wells, no more to be said.

La. Sha. Come, come away, you will have your saying. [Exeunt Lady and Sir Jeff.]

Sir Tim. Well, but have you so good an opinion of me as you declar'd? hum--

Ifab. The very same, I assure you.

Sir Tim. Ah, my dear pretty Rogue! Then I'll marry you presently, and make you a Lady.

Isab. Let me see, are they out of hearing?

Sir Tim. Come feth, let's kiss upon that business, here's a Parson in the House; nay, feth, I must kiss thee, my dear little Rogue.

Isab. Stand off Baboon; nay, a Baboon of good parts exceeds thee; Thou Maggot, Insect, worse than any nasty thing the Sun is Father to.

Sir Tim. What! do you begin to call Names again? but this is in Jest too, prithee let me kiss thee, pray dear, feth do.

Isab. In Jest? Heaven is my witness there's not a living thing upon two Legs I would not chuse before Thee.

Sir Tim. Holloo, where's Sir Jeffery and my Lady?

Isab. They are out of thy hearing Oaph. S'life how darst thou be so impudent to love me with that Face, that can provoke nothing but laughter at best in any one! Why, thou hast the Rickets in thy face: There's no proportion, every Feature by it self is abominable; and put together Intollerable. Thou hast the very Lines and air of a Pig's Face; *Baptista* would have drawn thee so.

Sir Tim. Hah, What do you say? my Face! I'll not change Faces with e'er a man in *Lancashire*. Face! talk of Face, Hah!

Isab. Thou art uglier than any Witch in *Lancashire*, and if thou wert in Woman's Clothes, thy own Father would apprehend thee for one: Thy Face! I never saw so deform'd a thing on the head of an old *Lyra Viol*. It might fright Birds from a Cherry Garden: But what else 'tis good for, I know not.

Sir Tim. 'Sbud, now you provoke me, I must tell you, I think my self as handsome for a Man, as you are for a Woman.

Isab. Oh, foh, out upon that filthy visage, My Maid with her Sizars in two minutes shall cut me a better in brown Paper. There is not a Creature upon Earth but is a Beauty to thee; besides, thou hast a hollow Tooth would cure the Mother beyond *Affa fetida*, or burnt Feathers.

Enter *Theodosia*.

Sir Tim. Well, well, You'll sing another Note when I have acquainted your Father, you will.

Isab. Thou liest: I will not: if I were condemn'd to Death, I would not take a pardon to marry thee. Set thy Fools Heart at rest then, and make no more nauseous Love to me. Thy Face to one fasting would give a Vomit beyond Croons.

Sir Tim. You are a proud, peevish Minx, and that's the best of you. Let me tell you that, hum. I can have your betters every day I rise.

Theo. How now! what says the Fool?

Sir Tim. Uds Ludikins, hufwife, if you provoke me I'll take you o' the Pate.

Isab. Thou odious, loathsome Coxcomb, out of my sight, or I'll tear thy Eyes out.

Sir Tim. Coxcomb! ha, ha, ha; ah thou art a good one. Well, I say no more.

Isab. Da, da, pretty thing!

Enter:

Enter Sir Edward, Bellfort and Doubt.

Sir Edw. Gentlemen, the storm has oblig'd me, that drove you under my Roof, I knew your Fathers well, we were in Italy together, and all of us came home with our English Religion, and our English Principles. During your stay here (which for my own sake I hope will not be short) command my House: let not your Dogs and Servants lie at Whalley; but be pleas'd to know this House is yours, and you will do me honour in commanding it.

Bell. This generosity makes good the Character that all men give of you.

Doubt. A Character that England rings with, and all men of never so differing opinions agree in.

Sir Edw. Gentlemen, you do me too much Honour; I would endeavour to imitate the life of our English Gentry before we were corrupted with the base manners of the French.

Bell. If all had had that noble resolution, long since we had curb'd the greatness of that Monarch.

Ifab. What are these Apparitions, hah, Doubt and Bellfort.

Theo. They are they indeed. What ailes my Heart to beat so fast?

Ifab. Methinks mine is a little too busie here.

Sir Edw. Gentlemen, here is my Daughter and her Kinswoman, I think you saw 'em last Summer at Scarborough.

Bell. We did, Sir.

[They salute 'em,

Doubt. We little thought to have the honour of seeing so fine Ladies this night.

Enter Servant, and whispers to Sir Edward.

Bell. We could not expect this happiness, till next Season at the Waters.

Sir Edw. What story is this? My Son almost frighted out of his Wits with a Witch! Gentlemen, I beg your pardon for a Moment. [Ex. Sir Edward and Servant,

Both. Your Humble Servant.

Ifab. Nothing could be more unexpected than seeing you here!

Theo. Pray Gentlemen, how did you come?

Doubt. Travelling for Whalley, where I told you, Madam, in my Letters, I would suddenly be, we lost our way by the darkness of the night, and wander'd till we came near this House, whither an honest Country fellow brought us for shelter from this dreadful Tempest.

Bell. And your Father is pleas'd to admit a brace of stray-fellows with the greatest civility in the World: But Madam, coming safe to shoar, after a Shipwrack, could not bring such joy to me, as I find in seeing you. [To Ifab.

Doubt. The Sun, to a man left a Winter at Greenland, could not be so ravishing a sight, as yon dear Madam are to me. [To Theo.

Theo. This is Knight Errantry indeed.

Ifab. Methinks they talk Romance too. But 'tis too late if they be in earnest; for the Dames are disposed of.

Bell.

Doubt.

} How, Married!

Ifab. Not execut'd, but condemn'd!

Theo.

Theo. Beyond all hopes of Mercy.

Doubt. Death, Madam, you struck me to the Heart; I felt your Words here.

Bell. My Heart was just at my Mouth, if you had not stopt it with this Cordial, 't had flown. I may live now in hope of a reprieve for you.

Isab. Our Fathers will never consent to that.

Theo. Mine will not I am sure. I have a Mother, to boot, more obstinate than he.

Doubt. If they be so merciless, self preservation, the great Law of Nature will justify your escape.

Bell. We Knight Errants, as you call us, will rescue you I warrant you.

Isab. But if we leave our Fools, our Fathers will leave us.

Bell. If you lose your Father, Madam, you shall find one that will value you infinitely more, and love you more tenderly.

Doubt. And you, Madam, shall meet with one, whose Person and whose fortune shall be always at your command.

Theo. We grow a little too serious about this matter.

Isab. 'Tis from Matrimony we would fly! Oh 'tis a dreadful thing.

Bell. This heresic can never be defended by you: a Man must be blind that inclines to that opinion before you.

Enter Sir Edward, Smerk, Servants.

Sir Edw. Gentlemen, I ask your pardon, be pleas'd to walk into the next Room, and take a small Collation to refresh you selves.

Bell. Your humble Servant.

Sir Edw. This Country Fellow that led you hither, tells me tail of Witches, and here's an uproar in my Family, and they say this place is haunted with them; I hope you have no faith in those things.

Doubt. When I hear a very strange Story, I always think 'tis more likely he should lie that tells it me, than that should be true.

Sir Edw. 'Tis a good rule for our belief.

[*Exeunt.*

Smerk. My blood rises at them, These are damn'd Hobbists and Atheists, I'd have 'em burnt in Smithfield.

Isab. Well, these Gentlemen may perhaps go to their Servants and Horses at Whalley to morrow, where they must stay sometime before we see 'em again.

Theo. We are ruin'd then: For this Marriage will be so pressed upon us, now the Writings are sealed, and Cloths bought, we shall have no way to delay it, but downright breaking with our Fathers.

Isab. I am resolv'd to consult with the Gentlemen this night whatever come on't.

Theo. How canst thou possibly bring it about, my Dear?

Isab. I warrant thee, a Womans wit will naturally work about these matters. Come my Dear.

[*Ex. omnes.*

The Scene Sir Edward's Cellar:

Enter all the Witches, and the Devil in the form of a Buck-Goat after.

Demd. Lo here our little Master's come.

Let each of us salute his Bum.

[*All kiss the Devil's Ass.*

See

See our Provisions ready here,
To which no Salt must e'er come near.

M. Spen. Who draws the Wine?

Damd. Our Brooms shall do't.
Go thou.

Dickens. And thou.

Harg. And thou.

Mal. Spen. And thou.

Devil. What have ye done for my delight?
Relate the Service of the night.

Damd. To a Mothers Bed I softly crept,
And while th' unchristn'd Brat yet slept,
I suckt the breath and bloud of that,
And stole anothers flesh and fat,
Which I will boyl before it stink;
The thick for Ointment, thin for Drink
I'll keep —

From a Murderer that hung in Chains
I bit dry'd Sinews and shrunk Veins.

Marrow and Entrails I have brought,

A piece o'th' Gibbet too I got,

And of the Rope the fatal Knot.

I sunk a Ship and in my flight

I kickt a steeple down to Night.

Devil. Well done my Dame, Ho, ho, ho, ho!

Dick. To Gibbets I flew, and Dismal Caves,

To Charnel Houses and to Graves.

Bones I got, and Flesh enough,

From dead mens Eyes the glewy Stuff,

Their Eye-balls with my nails scoop'd out,

And pieces of their Limbs I've brought —

A Brat ith' Mothers Womb I flew :

The Fathers neck I twist'd too.

Dogs barkt, Cocks crow'd, away I flew.

Devil. A good Servant, Ho, ho, ho!

Harg. Flesh from a Raven in a Ditch

I snatcht, and more from a ravenous Bitch.

Mongst Tombs I search'd for Flesh and Bone,

With hair about my Ears alone.

Fingers, Noses, and a Wen.

And the bloud of murder'd Men,

A mad Dogs Foam and a Wolves Hairs,

A Serpents Bowels, Adders Ears,

I put in my pouch; and coming back,

The Bells in a Steeple I did crack.

[Tables rised]

[Their Brooms all march off and fetch Bottles.]

I sent

I sent the murren into Hogs,
And drove the Kine into the Bogs.

Devil. 'Tis well, 'tis well, Ho, ho, ho.

M. Spen. To make up love Cups I have sought
A Wolf's Tayl-hair and Yard; I've got
The green Frogs Bones, whose flesh was ta'n
From thence by Ants; then a Cat's Brain;
The bunch of Flesh from a black Fole's Head,
Just as his Dam was brought to Bed,
Before she lickt it; and I have some
Of that which falls from a Mare's Womb
When she's in Lust; and as I came home
I put a Woman into fits,
And frighted a Parson out of his Wits.

Devils. All's well. Ho, ho, ho, ho.

[Dance.]

Song. 1.

What joy like ours can mortals find?
We can command the Sea and Wind:
All Elements our Charms obey,
And all good things become our Prey;
The daintiest Meat, and lustiest Wins,
We for our Sabbaths still design. (see,
Mongst all the great Princes the Sun shall e'er
None can be so great, or so happy as we.

2.

We Sail in Egg-shells on rough Seas,
And see strange Countries when we please!
Or on our Besomes we can fly,
And nimbly mounting to the Sky,
We leave the swiftest Birds behind,
And when we please out-strip the Wind:
Then we feast and we revel after long sight,
Or with a Lov'd Incubus sport all the night.

3.

When we'er on Wing, we sport and play,
Mankind, like Emmets, we survey;
Wish Lightening blast, with Thunder kill,
Cause Barrenness where e'er we will.
Of full Revenge we have the Power;
And Heaven it self can have no more.
Here's a health to our Master the Prince of the Flies,
Who commands from Centre all up to the Skies.

All. Harr, harr, harr, hoo, hoo, sabath, sabath, sabath, Devil, Devil, Devil,
dance here, dance there, play here, play there, harr, harr, harr, hoo, hoo, hoo—
Act ends.

[They all sink and vanish.]

Notes upon the Second Act.

*For the Chamber-maids superstition, p. 18. see Burchard Deeret. Amongst his questions about Confession, where this is found, *Fecisti quod quadam mulieres facere solent: Tollunt Piscem vivum, & mittunt eum in puerperium suum, & tam diu eum ibi teneant, donec mortuus fuerit, & decocto pisce vel assato, maritis suis ad comedendum tradunt, ideo faciunt hoc, ut plus in amorem earum exardescant: si fecisti, duos annos per legitimas Ferias panteas.* For the Knots, *Virg. Eclog. 8: NeRe tribus nodis ternas Amaryllis colores, NeRe Amarylli mado, & Veneris, die, vincula necto.*

† They call the Devil that calls them to their Sabbaths or Feasts, Little Martin, or little Master. *Del-ria Disquis. Mag. quest. 16. lib. 2, and Bodin Demonoman. lib. 2. cap. 4.* have the same relation out of Pau-
lus

Ius Grillandus, He is said to call them with a humane voice, but to appear in the shape of a Buck-Goat; *Evocatur voce quadam velut humanâ ab ipso damone, quem non vident demonem sed magisterulum, alie Martinetum hunc, sive Martinellum.* And a little after. *Et statim hircus ille, ascendebat per aerem, &c.* Almost all Authors that speak of Witches-Sabbaths, say, that he is call'd *Martinetus* or *Magisterulus*, and that he appears in form of a Buck-Goat. About their Sabbaths, See *Nicholaus Remigius*, lib. 1. cap. 14. *Philippo Ludwigo. Elich. Dæmonomagia, Quæst. 10. Solent ad conventum delata Læmæ Dæmonem, Synagoga Præsidentem & Rectorem in solio confidentem, immutatum in Hircum horridum.* Guaccius *compendium Maleficarum*, lib. 1. cap. 13. *Ibi Dæmon est conventus præses in solio sedes formâ terrificâ ut plurimum Hirci, &c.* b Kissing the Devil's Buttocks is a part of the homage they pay the Devil, as *Bodin* says *Doctor Edsin* did, a *Sorbon* Doctor; Who was burn'd for a Witch. See also quotes one *Danaus*, whom I never read, for kissing the Devil's Buttocks. About kissing the Devil's Buttocks, see farther, *Guaccius* in the fore-quoted Chapter, *Ad signum homagii eum (s. dæmonem) pedice osculantur.* *Ludwigus Elich. quæst. 10. Deinde quod homagii est indicium (honor sit Auribus) ab iis ingerenda sunt oscula Dæmonis, podici.* c The Devil will have no Salt in his Meat, *Ludwigus Elich. Quæst. 7. pag. 113.* As also *Guaccius*, cap. 13. The Devil loves no Salt in his Meat, says *Bodin*, *Dæm. lib. 3. cap. 5.* because it is an emblem of Eternity, and used by God's Command in Sacrifices, and quotes *Levit. 2.* for that; which is a notable reason, a *Lucian* in his Dialogue of *Ærolophus*, or the Lovers of lies (as all Witchwongers are) makes one of his Sages *Eucrates*, tells how he learn'd of *Panocrates* an Egyptian Magician that travell'd with him, to make a Staff run of Errands and bring things to him, and that he in the absence of the Magician commanded a Staff to fetch him Water, and not having learn'd the art of conjuring it down again, it brought Water so often that he feared it would have drowned the Room; he cut it in two peices, and then both those peices fetch'd Water till the Egyptian came and conjur'd 'em down. e They are always at their meetings examin'd by the Devil, or the Dame, what service they have done. *Remigius Demonolat. lib. 1. cap. 22. Quemadmodum solent Heri in Villis Procuratoribus, &c.* Ita Dæmon in suis comitiis quod tempus examinandis cujusque rebus & actionibus ipse constituit, &c. Speaking of Witches. f See *Malleus Maleficarum*, Tom. 2. of Witches being transform'd into Cats, and sucking the breath and blood of Children. g *Ovid Fast. lib. 6.* says of *Striges*, which modern Witchmongers call Witches. *Næ volant, puerisque petunt nutrices egentes, & viriant cunis corpora raptâ suis. Carpere dicuntur lætentia viscera rostris, & plenum potu sanguine guttur habent.* *Wierus*, lib. ultimo. de *Lamiis*, cap. 6. relates from one *Petrus*, a Judge in *Boltingen*, a place in the Countrey of *Bern*, the confession of a Witch thus, *Infantibus baptizatis vel nondum baptizatis insidiatur, &c. hos in cunabulis vel ad parentum latera jacentes ceremoniis nostris occidimus, quos, postquam pulantur oppressi vel aliunde morui, ex sepulchro clam suffuramus, & in olla decoquimus; de solidiore materia unguentum facimus nostris voluntariis, adibus & transvectionibus commodum; de liquidiore vero humore utrem implemus, ex quo quicunque biberit:* See the Notes in the third Act. h *Remigius*, lib. 2. *Demonolat. cap. 3. Hac & nostra etatis maleficis hominibus moris est facere, presertim si cujus supplicia affecti cadaver exemplo datum est, & in crucem sublatum; nam non solum inde scortilegiis suis materiam mutuuntur, sed & ab ipsis carnificina instrumentis, reſte, vinculis, palo, ferramentis, siquidem iis vulgi etiam opinione inesse ad incantationes magicas vim quandam & potestatem.* The French Gamesters are superstitious in this, and think that the noose of the Rope, that went about the Neck of one that was hang'd, will make them win. And here old women will prescribe a piece of the Gallows for a cure for an Ague. That the Ancients were superstitious in these things, see *Lucan*, lib. 6. *Laqueum nodosque nocentes ore suo rupit, pendencia corpora carpsit, abraſtisque cruceſ percussaque viscera nimbis vultit, & incolas admiſſo ſole medullas, incertum manibus chalybem, nigramque per artus stillantis tibi ſanient viruſque coactum ſuſtulit, & morſus nervo retinente pependit.* For the use of dead bodies in Witchcraft, see *Apuleius*, *De auro asino*. lib. 3. speaking of *Pamphile*, *Præſque apparatu ſolito inſtruxit ſeralium officiâ.* Among other things, *Sepulchrorum cadaverum expoſiti multis admodum membris, hic nares, illic digitis, illic carnoſi clavi pendentium, alibi trucidatorum ſervatus cruor.* i *Lucan* makes his Witch inhabit ſuch places, *Deſertaſque buſta incolit & tumulos expoſitis obſcure umbris.* *Agrippa de occultâ Philoſophia*, lib. 1. cap. 48. *Saturno correſpondent loca quævis ſæſida, tenebroſa, ſubterranea, religioſa, ſænæſta, ut cæmeteria, buſta & hominibus deſerta habitacula & veruſtate caduca, loca obſcura & horrenda, & ſolitaria antra, cavernæ, putei, &c.* And in his Third Book, cap. 42. *Apertiſſima loca plurimum experientia viſionum nocturnalium, incurſionum & conſimilium phantaſmatum, ut cæmeteria, & in quibus fieri ſolent executiones criminalis judicii, &c.* k *Lucan*, lib. 6. *Aſſe, ubi ſervantur ſaciis, quibus intimus humor ducitur, & traſſâ dæreſcunt vabe medullæ Corpora, tunc omneſ aſide deſeruit in artus, immerſique manus oculis, gaudiaſque gelatos effuſiſſe orbes.* l *Nider* in his *Formicarium* mentions one that kill'd Seven Children in the Mother's Womb, by Witchcraft: This, he ſays was done by laying a Lizard under the Threshold, and that will cauſe abortion in every Female in the Houſe: *Vid Formicæ. cap. 3.* *Remigius* ſays, about the Cocks-crowing, that nothing is ſo hateful to the Witches when they are at their Charms, as the Cock-crowing; as one *Latona*, a Witch, among other things confeſſed; and ſeveral other Authors mention it as very hateful.

hateful to the Witches. in *Hori. Epod. 5.* amongst Canidia's materials reckons, *Ossa ab ore raptæ jejuna Canis.* And *Lucan, lib. 6.* of Eripho. *Et quæcumque jacet nudâ tellure cadaver ante feras volucresque jedit; nec carpere membra vult ferro manibusque suis morsque luporum exspectat siccis raptura à faucibus artus.* See *A. pulcius* before cited. o *Ovid. Per tumultus errat sparsis distincta Capillis.* See the Notes of the third Act. p For the parts of the Body, the Wen and the blood of slain men, see *Apuleius* before quoted. q *Lucan, lib. 6.* *Huc quicquid sætu genuit natura sinistro, Miscetur: Non spuma canum quibus unda timor est, Viscere non Lyncis, non dura nodus Hyæna defuit.* For *Phileres*, See *Juvenal. Sat. 6.* *Hic Magicos affert cantus, hic Thessala vendit Philtra.* For this following potion, take the Words of *Wierus, de præstigi. Dam. lib. 3. cap. 37.* *Inter amatoria hæc venena connumerantur, in extrema lupi cauda pilus, ejusque virga, remora pisciculus, felis cerebrum & Lacerta stellio cui stincus nomen est, item os de rana viridi in formicarum acervo exesa:* See *Pliny, lib. 8. cap. 22.* t This *Hippomanes* *Pliny in Nat. Hist. and Aristotle de Nat. Animal.* mention, and all the old Poets, *Virg. Aeneid. 4. Queritur & nascentis equi de fronte revulsus, & matri præreptus amor.* See this described in *Wierus, lib. 3. c. 37. Ovid, lib. 2. De arte Amandi, Darque quod à teneri fronte revellit equi. Lucan, lib. 6. Nec noxia tantum Pocula proficiunt, aut quum turgentia sacco Frontis amatura subducunt pignora sæta.* t *Virg. 3. Georg. Hinc demum hippomanes vera quod nomine dicunt Pastores, lentum distillat ab inguine virus. Tibullus, lib. 1. Eleg. 4. Hippomanes cupida stillat ab inguine Equæ. Ovid. lib. 1. Eleg. 8. Upon a Bawd, Seu bene quid gramen, quid torto concita rhombo licia, quid valeat virus amantis equæ. Propert. lib. 4. (in quendam Lenam) Consuluit striges nostro de sanguine & in me Hippomanes fœta semina legit Equæ. In *Wier.* it is thus described, *Caruncula hæc parum famosa, carice magnitudinis, specia orbiculata, latiuscula, colore nigro, que in fronte nascentis pulli equini apparet, quam edito statim partu mater lambendo, abstergendoque devorat, & si præcipiatur, animum à sætu penitus aversum habet, nec cum ad ubera admittit.* u That they make these confused noises, see *Nandæus, Hist. Mag. and Pet. de Loyer de Spectris.* And that these shouts and these words are used by them, see *Scott. pag. 42. and Bodin, lib. 2. cap. 4.* This is to be found in *Remigius and Delrio, and M. Phi. Ludwigus, Elieb.* out of them says, quest. 10. *Toto turba calluæque pessima fescenninos in honorem demonum cantas obscenissimos, Hæc canit. Hæc, harr, illa Diabole, Diabole, salta huc, salta illuc, altera lude hic, lude illic, alia Sabaoth, Sabaoth, &c. immo clamoribus, sibilis, ululatus, propicinis furit ac debacchatur.**

ACT. III.

Enter Sir Edward Hartfort, Belfort and Doubty.

Doubt. **Y**OU have extremely delighted us this Morning, by your House, Gardens, your Accommodation, and your way of Living; you put me in mind of the renowned *Sidney's* Admirable description of *Kalandar*.

Sir Edw. Sir you Complement me too much.

Bell. Methinks you represent to us the Golden days of *Queen Elizabeth*, such sure were our Gentry then; now they are grown servile Apes to foreign Customes, they leave off Hospitality, for which we were famous all over *Europe*, and turn Servants to Board wages.

Sir Edw. For my part, I love to have my Servants part of my Family, the other were, to hire day Labourers to wait upon me; I had rather my Friends, Kindred, Tenants and Servants should live well out of me, than Coach-makers, Taylors, Embroiderers, and Lace-men should: To be pointed at in the Streets, and have Fools stare at my Equipage, is a vanity I have always scorn'd.

Doubt. You speak like one descended from those Noble Ancestors that made *France* tremble, and all the rest of *Europe* honour 'em.

Sir Edw. I reverence the Memory of 'em, But our new-fashion'd Gentry love the *French* too well to fight against 'em; they are bred abroad without knowing any thing

thing of our Constitution, and come home tainted with Foppery, slavish Principles, and Popish Religion.

Bell. They bring home Arts of Building from hot Countries to serve for our cold one; and frugality from those places where they have little Meat and small Stomachs, to suffice us who have great plenty and lusty Appetites.

Doubt. They build Houses with Halls in 'em, not so big as former Porches; Beggars were better entertain'd by their Ancestors, than their Tenants by them.

Sir Edw. For my part, I think 'twas never good days, but when great Tables were kept in large Halls; the Buttery Hatch always open, Black Jacks, and a good smell of Meat and *March-Beer*, with Dogs Turds and Marrow-bones as Ornaments in the Hall: These were signs of good House-keeping, I hate to see *Italian* fine Buildings with no Meat or Drink in 'em.

Bell. I like not their little Plates, methinks there's Vertue in an English Sur-loin.

Doubt. Our Sparks bring nothing but Foreign Vices and Follies home; 'tis ridiculous to be bred in one Country to learn to live in another.

Sir Edw. While we lived thus (to borrow a Coxcomby word) we made a better Figure in the World.

Bell. You have a mind that suits your Fortune, and can make your own Happiness.

Sir Edw. The greatest is the enjoyment of my Friends, and such worthy Gentlemen as your selves, and when I cannot have enough of that, I have a Library, good Horses, and good Musick.

Doubt. Princes may envy such an English Gentleman.

Sir Edw. You are too kind, *I am a true English-man, I love the Princes Rights and Peoples Liberties, and will defend them both with the last penny in my Purse, and the last drop in my Veins, and dare defy the wisest Plots of Papists.*

Bell. Spoken like a noble Patriot.

Sir Edw. Pardon me, you talk like English-men, and you have warm'd me; I hope to see the Prince and People flourish yet, old as I am, in spite of Jesuits; I am sure our Constitution is the noblest in the World.

Doubt. Would there were enough such *English* Gentlemen.

Bell. 'Twere to be wisht; but our Gentry are so much Poysoned with Foreign Vanities, that methinks the Genius of *England* seems sunk into the Yeomanry.

Sir Edw. We have indeed too many rotten Members. You speak like Gentlemen, worthy of such Noble Fathers, as you both had; but Gentlemen, I spoke of Musick, I see two of my Artists come into the Garden, they shall entertain you with a Song this Morning.

Bell. Sir, You oblige us every way.

[*An Italian Song.*

Finely compos'd, and excellently perform'd.

Doubt. I see Sir you are well serv'd in every Thing.

Enter *Isabella* and *Theodosia*.

Sir Edw. My sweet Cousin, good Morrow to thee, I hope to call thee shortly by another Name, my dear Child, Heavens bless thee. [*Isab. kneels.*

Bell. Ladies, your most humble Servant; you are early up to take the pleasure of the Morning in these Gardens. *Doubt.*

Doubt. 'Tis a Paradise you are in; every object within this place is ravishing.

Theo. This place affords variety of Pleasures; nothing here is wanting.

Bell. Where such fine Ladies are.

Enter Servant with Teague O Devilly an Irish Priest.

Serv. A Gentleman to speak with you.

Sir Edw. With me! Daughter, pray shew those Gentlemen the Statues, Grottoes and the Water-works, I'll wait on you immediately.

Bell. This is an opportunity beyond our hopes.

[*Ex. Bell. Doubt. Isab.*

Sir Edw. Would speak with me?

Theo.

Priest. Arrah, and please ty Oorship, I am come here to-dis plaash to maake a wissitt unto thee; Doshit dou not know me, Joy?

Sir Edw. Oh! you live at Mr. *Redletters*, my Catholick Neighbours.

Priest. Ah by my Shoul, ay.

Sir Edw. How came you to venture hither? you are a Popish Priest.

Priest. Ah, but 'tis no matter for all daat, Joy: by my Shoul, but I will taak de Oades, and I think I will be excus'd; but hark vid you a while, by my trott I shall be a Paapist too for all daat, indeed, yes.

Sir Edw. Excellent Principles!

Priest. I do come for de noneest to see dee, and yet I do not come on purpose gra: But it is no matter, I will talk vid you aboot daat, I do come upon occasion, and Mr. *Redletter* did shend me unto dee.

Sir Edw. For what?

Priest. What will I say unto dee now, but Mr. *Redletter* did shend me, and yet I did come off my self too for all daat upon occasion, daat I did hear concerning of dee, dat dy Houfe and de Plaash is all over-run with Witches and Spirits; do you see now?

Sir Edw. I had best let this fool stay to laugh at him, he may be out of the damn'd-Plot? if any Priest was? Sure they would never trust this Fool. [*Aside.*

Priest. What shaall you shay unto me upon all dis, I will exorcize doze Vitches, and I will plague dose Devils now by my Shoul; vid Holy-water, and vid Reliques and I will fret 'em out of this Plaash. God shaave de King.

Sir Edw. I have forgot your Name.

Priest. They do put the name of *Kelly* upon me, Joy; but by my fait I am call'd by my own right naame, *Tegue O Devilly*.

Sir Edw. *Tegue O Devilly*?

Priest. Yes, a very oold Naame in *Eerland* by my Shalwaation; well gra, I have brought upon my Cloak-bagg shome Holy-vaater, and I will put it upon the Devils and de Vitches-Paashes, and I will make you shome more Holy-vaater, and you vill vaash all dee-Roomes vid it an bee——

Sir Edw. Well, Father *Tegue O Devilly*, You're welcome; but how dare you venture publickly in these times?

Priest. Why, I have a great consideration upon dy Prudence; for if dou vouldst betray me, now phare will be de soleedity of dat, Joy.

Sir Edw. I speak not for my self, but others.

Priest.

Priest. The Devil tak me now, I do tink, I will suffer for my Religion, I am affraid I will be slain at lasht at the plaash they call *St. Tyburn*, but I do not caare by my Shalwaation; for if I will be hang'd, I will be a Saint presently, and all my Country shall pray unto *St. Teguc*; besides shome great people will be nameless too, I tell you I shay noe more, but I will be prayed unto, Joy.

Sir Edw. Prayed to! Very well.

Priest. Yes by my Shoule will I; and I will have Reliques maade of me too.

Enter Servant.

Serv. *Sir Jeffery Shackthead* and my Lady have some busines with you, and desire your Company within.

Sir Edw. Come, *Father Teguc*, come along me, do you hear, find the Gentlemen that are walking with my Daughter and her Cousin, and tell 'em I will wait on 'em presently.

[Exit. Sir Edw. and Priest.]

Serv. I will. They are here. Gentlemen, my Master is call'd away upon busines, he begs your excuse, and will wait on you presently.

[Ex. Serv.]

Bell. Heaven gives us yet a longer Opportunity, and certainly intends we should make use of it; I have my own Parson that comes to hunt with me at *Whalley*, Madam, an excellent School Divine, that will end all differences betwixt us.

Isab. He is like to begin 'em betwixt us, the Name of a Parson is a dreadfull Name upon these occasions, he'll bring us into a Condition we can never get out of, but by Death.

Bell. If the absolute command of me and my Fortune can please you, you shall never desire to get out of it.

Doubt. I should at more distance and with more reverence approach you, Madam, did not the shortness of the time, and the great danger of losing You, force me to be free; throw not away this precious time, a Minute now is inestimable.

Theo. Yet I must consider on that Minute on which the Happiness or Misery of all my Life may depend.

Isab. How can I imagine that you who have rambled up and down the Southern World, should at last fix on a Home-bred Mistress in the North? how can you be in earnest?

Bell. Consult your understanding, and your Looking-Glass; one will tell you how Witty, Wise, and Good you are, the other, how Beautifull, how sweet, how Charming.

Isab. Men before they are married turn the great end of their Perspective; but the little end after it.

Bell. They are Men of ill Eyes, and worse Understanding; but for your Perfections there needs no Perspective.

Theo. If I were inclin'd to Marriage, methinks we are not well enough acquainted yet to think of that.

Doubt. To my Reputation I suppose you are no stranger, nor to my Estate, which lies all in the next County; and for my Love, I will convince you of it, by settling whatever you please, or all that Estate upon you before I expect any favour from you.

Theo.

Theo. You are so generous beyond my Deserts, that I know not how to credit you.

Doubt. Your Modesty is too great, and your Faith too little.

Enter Sir Timothy.

Sir Tim. Death! Who are these with my Mistress and my Sister? Oh! they are the silly Fellows that we saw at the Spaw, that came hither last night. Do you know, Sir, that this is my Mistress, Sir.

Bell. I know, Sir, that no man is worthy of that Honour.

Sir Tim. Yes, Sir; I will make you know that I am, Sir, and she has the Honour to be my Mistress.

Bell. Very well, Sir.

Sir Tim. Very well, Sir! No, 'tis very ill, Sir, that you should have the boldness to take my Mistress by the Hand, Sir; and if you do, Sir; I must tell you, Sir—What do you smile, Sir?

Bell. A man may doe what he will with his own Face. I may smile, Sir—

Sir Tim. If you do, Sir, I will fight, Sir, I tell you that, Sir, hah!

Isab. Sir Timothy, you are a bloody-minded Man.

Sir Tim. 'Tis for my Honour, my Honour, he is plaguely afraid; look you, Sir, if you smile, Sir, at me, Sir, I will kick, Sir, that's more, Sir.

Bell. If you do, you will be the fifteenth man I have run through the Body, Sir.

Sir Tim. Hah! What does he say, through the Body? Oh!

Theo. Yonder's my Brother, we must not be so particular, let's join.

Sir Tim. How, the Body, Sir.

Bell. Yes, Sir; and my custom is (if it be a great affront, I kill them, for) I rip out their Hearts, dry 'em to Powder, and make Snuff on 'em.

Sir Tim. Oh Lord! Snuff!

Bell. I have a box full in my pocket, Sir; will you please to take some.

Sir Tim. No, Sir; I thank you, Sir: Snuff, quoth a? I will have nothing to do with such a cruel Man; I say no more, Sir.

Doubt. Your servant, Sir—

Sir Tim. Your Servant, Sir; does he take such Snuff too?

Bell. The same—do you hear, Sir? if you value your own Life, which I will save for the Families sakes, not a word of this to any Man.

Sir Tim. No, Sir; Not I, Sir. Your humble Servant.

Enter Sir Edward.

Sir Edward. I ask your pardon, Gentlemen; I was stay'd by what, if you please to walk in, will divert you well enough.

Doubt. We will wait on you, Sir.

Sir Edw. Daughter, Sir Jeffery and my Lady have made complaints of you, for abusing Sir Timothy; let me hear no more on't, we have resolv'd the Marriage shall be to Morrow, it will become you to be upon a little better Terms to day.

Sir Tim. Do you hear that, Gentlewoman.

Sir Edw. Gentlemen, I have sent to Whalley for all your Servants, and Horses, and Dogs; you must doe me the Honour to make some stay with me.

Bell.

Bell. We cannot enough acknowledge your great Civility.

Sir Edw. No Complements; I oblige my self. *Sir Jeffery Shacklebad* and I have just now agreed, that to morrow shall be the day of Marriage between our Sons and Daughters.

Theo. Very short warning.

Sir Edw. He'll not delay it longer.

Theo. I'll in, and see what's the reason of this sudden Resolution.

Bell. Sir, we wait on you.

Sir Edw. Stay you there a while with *Sir Timothy*. [*Ex. all but Sir Tim. and Isab.*]

Sir Tim. Dear Cousin, prethee be kinder to me, I protest and vow, as I am a Christian, I love thee better than both my Eyes, for all this.

Isab. Why, how now, Dog's Face; hast thou the impudence to make love again, with that hideous Countenance? that very insipid silly *Physnomy* of thine? with that most piteous mien? why, thou lookest like an *Operator* for Teeth.

Sir Tim. This is all Sham, I wont believe it; I can see my self in the great glass, and to my Mind no Man looks more like a Gentleman than my self.

Isab. A Gentleman! with that silly wadling shuffling gate? thou hast not mien good enough for a Chief Constable, every change of thy Countenance, and every motion of thy Body proclaims thee an Ass.

Sir Tim. Ay, Ay, come Madam, I shall please you better when I am Married, with a trick that I have, I tell yee.

Isab. Out of my sight, thou makest me sick to see thee.

Sir Tim. I shall be more familiar with you to morrow-night, oh my dear rogue—well I say no more; faith I shall, well, no more to be said.

Isab. Be gone, thou Basilisk here; I vow if thou wert the only Man on Earth, the Kind should cease rather than I would marry thee.

Sir Tim. You'll be in a better-humour to Morrow-night, though you are such a Vixen now.

Isab. This place, where some Materials are to mend the Wall, will furnish me with some Ammunition: be gone I say.

Sir Tim. I shant do't; I know when I am in good Company, come prethee Cousin, do not let us Fool any longer, to morrow we shall be one Flesh—d'ye see.

Isab. I had rather be inoculated into a Tree, than to be made one Flesh with thee; can that *Westphalia* hide of thine ever become one flesh with me; when I can become one Ass with thee, it may; you shall never change my Mind.

Sir Tim. Well, Well, I shall have your Body to morrow night, and I warrant you, your mind shall soon follow it.

Isab. Be gone, thou infinite Coxcomb, I'll set thee farther.

[*She throws Stones at him.*]

Sir Tim. What, what, what a Pox! hold, what a Devil, are you mad? Flesh, Heart, hold, what a Plague; uds bud, I could find in my Heart to turn again.

Isab. Do filthy Face, do if thou dar'st.

Sir Tim. Oh help, murder, murder.

[*Ex. Sir Timothy.*]

Isab. I have no patience with this Fool, no Racks, no Tortures shall force me to marry him.

[*Ex. Isab.*]

Enter

Enter Young Hartford and Theodosia.

Theo. I am very indifferent about this Matrimony, and for ought I see, you are so too.

Yo. Har. I must confess you are as fine a Gentlewoman as ever I saw, and I am not worthy of you; but my Father says he will disinherite me, if I will not marry you to Morrow; therefore I desire you would please to think on't.

Theo. I will think on't.

Yo. Har. You shall command all my Estate, and do what you will; for my part I resolve all my Life, to give up my self wholly to my Sports, and my Horses, and my Dogs, and to drink now and then a Cup of Ale with my Neighbors, I hate Wine.

Theo. You will do very well.

Yo. Har. He says we must be Married to Morrow at Ten, I can be going a Hawking by six, and come home time enough, I would be loth to neglect my Hawking at Pows in the height of the Season.

Theo. By no means, you'd do very ill if you should.

Yo. Har. Ay so I should, but shall I tell my Father that you will have me to Morrow? you know the Writings are Sealed, and Wedding Cloaths bought of all sides.

Theo. Well, I shall do as becomes me.

Yo. Har. Well, Cousin, there's no more to be said betwixt you and I then. *Pancta Verba*, a word to the Wife, I say, is enough; so I rest your humble Servant to command; I'll tell my Father what you say presently, your Servant; to tell you truly, I had never so much mind to be Married as now; for I have been so woundedly frightened with Witches, that I am afraid to lye alone, d'e see; well, I am glad this business is over: a pox upon all making of Love for me. *[Ex. Yo. Har.]*

Theo. I thought I saw my Cousin in yon walk, 'tis time for us to consult what to do, my Father and Mother are resolved upon to morrow for the fatal day. *[Ex. Theo.]*

Enter Smerk, and Priest, and Mrs. Susan.

Priest. By my shoule, Joy, I thank you for my Fast-break, for it does give refreshment unto me, and Consolation too, gra.

Smerk. Thank you Mistress Susan, my Caudle was admirable; I am much strengthened by these good Creatures.

Sus. Yours was admirable—if Mother Demdick has any Skill; I shall find the operation before night, and I will be reveng'd for his scorn to me. *[Aside.]*

Priest. Though thou dost know me, yet thou dost shew thou wilt tell nothing concerning of me.

Smerk. No; for my part, though I differ in some things, yet I honour the Church of Rome as a true Church.

Priest. By my Salvation ye did all come out of us indeed, and I have expectation that you will come in agen, and I think I will live to see it; perhaps I will tell you now, you had your Ordination too with us.

Smerk. For my part, I think the Papists are honest, loyal men, and the Jesuits dyed innocent. *F* *Priest.*

Priest. Phaat ! dou dosht not believe de Plot ; de Devil taake me.

Smerk. No, no, no Papist Plot, but a Presbyterian one.

Priest. Aboo, boo, boo, By my Shalvation I will embraash dy Father Child, and I will put a great kish upon dy cheeks ; now for dat, say dear ish, a damn'd Presbyterian Plot to put out de Paapists, and de Priests, and de good Men ; and if I would have my minde, de Devil taake me, I would shée 'em all broyle and fry in de plaash they call Smittfeld, Joy.

Smerk. I would have Surplices cran'd down their Throats, or would have 'em hang'd in Caninical Girdles.

Priest. Let me Imbraash my joy agen for daat.

Enter Bellfort and Doubt.

Bell. We shall have excellent sport with these Priests ; see they are come from their Breakfast, and embracing.

Priest. And dou dosht not believe the Paapists Plot, my Joy ?

Smerk. No, but the damn'd Presbyterian Plot I do : I would be a Turk before I would be a Presbyterian ; Rogues, Villains.

Priest. By Shoule I will give Satisfaction unto dee, and maak dee of my Church, we have shome good Friends of dy Church, and dou art almost as good a Friend as be in de West, I have forgot his Naam, I do take it did begin vid a T.

Doubt. How now ! Do not you believe a Popish Plot ?

Smerk. No ; but a Presbyterian one I do.

Bell. This is great Impudence, after the King has affirm'd it in so many Proclamations, and three Parliaments have voted it, Nemine contradicente.

Smerk. Parliaments ? tell me of Parliaments I with my Bible in my hand, I'll dispute with the whole House of Commons ; Sir, I hate Parliaments, rogues, Rascals, Hobbists, and Atheists believe the Plot.

Priest. By my fait and trot, dou dosht maak we weep indeed, by my Shoul, Joy, dou will be a good Catholick, if I will instruct dee, I will weep on dee indeed.

Bell. Why the true and wise Church of England men believe it, and are a great Rock gainst the Church of Rome.

Doubt. And Preach and Write learnedly against it ; but such Fellows as you, are scandalous to the Church, a Company of Tattivy Fools.

Bell. All the Eminent men of the Church of England believe the Plot, and dearest it with borrow, and abominate the Religion that contriv'd it.

Smerk. Not all the Eminent men, for I am of another opinion.

Priest. By my Shoul, by my Shoul, Joy, dey are our Enemies, and I would have no kiss put upon dem ; but dis is my dear Friend.

Doubt. This is a Rasal conceit in the Church, and is none of it ; sure his Patron knows him not.

Bell. No certainty !

Smerk. You are Hobbists and Atheists.

Priest. It is no matter for all daat, Joy ; what dey do say unto thee ; for by Christ, and by Saint Patrick dey be Heretic Doggs, by my Shalvation dou dosht make me weep upon de agen ; by de Lady Mary, I think I will be after reconciling dee to de Catholick Church indeed.

Enter

Enter Sir Jeffery, Lady Shack, Sir Edw. and Isab. and Theodosia.

Sir Jeff. Your Servant Gentlemen.

La. Sha. Your most humble Servant.

Bell.

Doubt. } Your most humble Servant.

Sir Edw. Is not my Irish man a pleasant fellow?

Doubt. A great Father of the Church.

Bell. And perhaps may come to be hang'd for't.

Sir Edw. Sir Jeffery is going to take some informations about Witches, perhaps that may divert you not ill. 'Tis against my opinion, but I give him away.

La. Sha. I hope you are pleas'd to pardon my incivility, in rushing unawares into your Chamber last night; but I know you are so much a Gentleman, so well bred, and so accomplish'd, I know you do—

Doubt. Madam.

La. Sha. And for that reason I will make you my Confident in a business, that perhaps, I do not know, but I think it may not be to your disadvantage, I will communicate it to you in private. Now, Sir Jeffery and I are to take some Examinations. I assist him very much in his business, or he could never do it. [He sits down and La. Sha.]

Sir Jeff. Call in these Fellows, let's hear what they'll say about these Witches; come on, Did you serve my Warrant on Mother Demdike?

{ They call the Constable in
and a Country fellow.

Const. Sir, I went to her House (and please your Worship) and lookt in at her Window, and she was feeding three great Toads, and they daunc'd and leapt about her; and she suckled a great black Cat well nigh as big as a Spaniel; I went into the House, and she vanish, and there was nothing but the Cat in the middle, who spit and star'd at me, and I was frighted away.

Sir Jeff. An arch Witch, I warrant her.

Const. I went out at the back dore, and by the Threshold sat a great Hare, I struck at it, and it run away, and ever since I have had a great pain in my back, and cannot make Water, saving your presence.

Sir Edw. A fit of the Gravel.

Priest. No, by my shoule, she is a great Witch, and I vil cure you upon dat.

Sir Jeff. No: I tell you, Sir Edward, I am sure she is a Witch, and between you and I, last night, when I would have been kind to my Wife, she bewitched me, I found it so.

Sir Edw. Those things will happen about five and fifty.

Priest. I will tell you now, Joy, I will cure you too.

* Taak one of de Tooth of a dead man, and bee, and burne it, and taak dee smoke into both your Noses, as you taak Snuch, and anoint your self vid dee Gaall of a Crow, taak Quicksilver, as dey do call it, and put upon a Quil, and plaash it under de shoft Pillow you do shitt upon, den waak shome waater through de Ring of a Wedding, by St. Patrick, and I will shay shome Ave Maaries for dee, and dou wilt be sound agen: gra.

* This Receipt is in Scott, he has taken it out of inquisitors and Witch-mongers.

Sir *Edw.* A very learned man in these matters, that comes hither on purpose.

Sir *Jeff.* Who is this pretends to skill in Witchcraft?

Sir *Jeff.* I shall be glad of your better acquaintance.

Priest. I vil be very well pleased to bee after being acquainted vid dee, Joy.

La. Sha. Have you any more to say? Fellow speaks to me.

Const. Why, an't please your Worship forsooth, Mother *Demdike* said she would be reveng'd on me for not giving her some Buttermilk; and the next night coming from *Rachdale*, I saw a great Black Hog, and my Horse threw me, and I lost a Hog that night, he dy'd, that was as well when he went to bed, as ever he was since he was born.

La. Sha. 'Tis enough, a plain, a manifest Witch, make a Warrant for her.

Sir *Jeff.* Ay, do.

La. Sha. Take some of the Thatch of her House, and burne it at your House, and you shall see she will come streight.

Sir *Jeff.* Oh to morrow about dawn, Piss in a Pot, and cover it with your right, nether Stocking, and the Witch will be tormented in her Bladder, and come to you roaring before night.

[These two Remedies are in Scott.]

Donbr. A most profound Science.

Bell. And poor old Ignorant wretches must be hang'd for this.

Const. A Cow of mine is bewitcht too, and runs about the Close as if she were mad; and that, I believe, Mother *Hargrave* bewitcht, because I deny'd her some Gof.--- good.

Sir *Jeff.* Put her into the Warrent too: 'Tis enough, a little thing will serve for evidence against a Witch.

Sir *Edw.* A very little one.

Priest. * Put a pair of Breeches or *Irish* Trowsers upon your Cows head, Fellow; upon a *Fryday* Morning, and wid a great Strick maak heat upon her, till she do depart out of de Close, and she vil repair unto de Witches dore, and she vill knock upon it vid her Horns indeed.

* This is likewise to be found in *Scotts*. Abundance of this kind is to be seen in *Flagellum Diabol.* in the Second Tom. of *Mall. Maleficarum.*

Const. Thank you, good Sir.

Sir *Jeff.* Sir, I see you are a Learned man in this business, and I honour you.

Priest. Your Servant, Sir; I will put shome holy waater into your Cows mout and I will maak Cure upon her for all daat indeed.

La. Sha. Come, has any one else any thing to inform?

Const. Yes, an't please your worship, here is a Neighbour, *Thomas o George*.

Tho. o G. Why, an't please your Worships, I was at *Mal. Spencer's* House, where he wons i'th' Lone, and whoo has a meeghty great Cat, a black one by'r Lady, and whoo kist and whoo clipt Cat, and ay sent me dahn a bit (meet a bit) and believe Cat went under her Coats. Quo ay, what don yoo doo with that fow Gat? why, says Whoo, who soukes me. Soukes tee? Marry that's whaint, quo ay; by'r Lady, what can Cat do besides? Why, says whoo, woost carry me to *Rachdale* believe. Whaw, quo ay, that's pratty! Why, says whoo, yeost ha one an yeow win to carry yeow; by'r Lady, quo ay, with aw my heart, and thank ow too, marry 'twill save my Tit a pow'r of labbour; so woo can'd a Cat to me, a huge Cat, and we ridden both to *Rachdale* streight along.

Bell. Well said, this was home; I love a Fellow that will go through stich.

Sir

Sir Jeff. This is a Witch, indeed, put her name in.

Priest. This is naw thing ~~by my Shoute~~, I will tell you now it is naw thing for all daat, a Vitch, if she be a good Vitch will ride upon a Grafhopper, I tell you, verywell, and yet a Grafhopper is but a weak beast neither, you do maak wonder upon dis, but by my shoule it is naw thing.

Sir Jeff. Where did you take Cat, say you, together?

Tho. o. Geor. Why, we took Cat ith Lone, meet a mile off.

Sir Jeff. So you rid eight mile upon Cats; are there any more informations?

Const. No more, an't please your Worship, but when I have once taken 'em, enough will come in.

La. Sha. Go then about taking 'em, and bring 'em before Sir Jeffery, and myself, I'll warrant you wee'll order 'em.

Priest. I will tell you, now fellow, taak de shoe of a Horse, and nayle it upon your Threshold, de plaast don docht goe into dy dore upon.

Sir Jeff. And put a Clove of Garlick into the Roof of thy House.

La. Sha. Fennil is very good in your House against Spirits and Witches, and *Alicium*, and the Herb *Mullein*, and *Long-wort*, and *Moly* too is very good.

Priest. * Burn some Brimstone, and make a sweet fume of de Gall of a Black Dogg, Joy, and besmear dy posits, and dy Valls, and bee, and Cross dy Self, and I will touch dee vid Reliques, and dee to gra.

* This is to be found in Delrio, and Remig. and Fr. Silvester.

Const. Thank you good Sir.

Tho. o. Geor. Thank a.

Sir Edw. Is not this an excellent Art?

Bell. 'Tis so extravagant, that a man would think they were all in Dreams that ever wrijt of it.

Doubt. I see no manner of Evidences against these poor Creaturrs.

Bell. I could laugh at these Fools sufficiently, but that all the while our Mistresses are in danger.

Doubt. Our time is very short, prithee let's consider what is to be done.

Isab. Well, my Dear, I must open my Heart to thee; I am so much in love with Bellfort, that I shall dye if I lose him.

Theo. Poor *Isabella*, dying is something an inconvenient business, and yet I should live very uncomfortably without my Spark.

Isab. Our time's very short, therefore prithee let's play the Fool no longer, but come to the point when we meet 'em.

Theo. Agreed: But when shall we meet 'em?

Isab. I warrant thee before Midnight.

Sir Edw. Come, let us take one turn in the Garden, and by that time my Dinner will be ready.

Bell. Madam, for Heaven's sake consider on what a short time my Happiness or Ruin depends.

Isab. Have a Care, Sir Jeffery and his Lady will be jealous.

Bell. This is a good sign.

Theo. Not a word, we shall be suspected, at night we will design a Conference.

[To himself]

Enter

Enter Mal Spenser and Clod.

Mal Spen. Why so unkind *Clod*? You frown and wonnot kiss me.

Clod. No marry, I'll be none of thy lmp, I wote.

Mal Spen. What dost thou mean my Love? pritheee kiss me.

Clod. Stand off by'r Lady, an I life kibbo once, I'll raddle thy bones: thou art a fow Wheane, I tell o that; thou art a fow Witch.

Mal Spen. I a Witch! a poor innocent young Lads, that's whaint, I am not awd enough for that Mon.

Clod. And I believe mine Eyne, by the Mafs I saw you in Sir *Yedward's* Cellar last neight with your Hagg, thou art a rank Witch, uds fesh I'll not come near thee.

Mal Spen. Did you see me? Why, if I be a Witch, I am the better Fortune for you, you may fare of the best and be rich.

Clod. Fare? marry I'll fare none with thee, I'll not be hang'd, nor go to the Deel for thee, not I by th' Mafs, but I will hang thee on I con, by'r Lady.

Mal Spen. Say you so, Rogue; I'll plague you for that.

Clod. What is whoo gone? 'Tis for no good Marry; I ha scap'd a fine waif, a fow Carrion, by'r Lady, I'll hang the Whean and there be no more Witches in *Loncaeshire*. Fesh what's tifs? [*Mal, Enter, with a Bridle, and puts it on e'er he is aware.*]

Mal S. A a Horse, a Horse be thou to me,

And carry me where I shall flee.

She gets upon him, and flees away.

Enter Demdike, Dickenson, Hargrave, &c. with their lmps and

Madge, who is to be the new Witch.

Demd. Within this Shattered Abby Walls,

This Pit oregrown with Brakes and Briers,

Fit for our dark Works, and here

Our Master dear will soon appear,

And make thee Mother *Madge* a Witch,

Make thee be Happy, long liv'd, Rich,

Thou wilt be Powerfull and Wise,

And be reveng'd of thy Enemies!

Madge. 'Tis that I'd have, I thank you Dame.

Demd. Here take this lmp, and let him suck,

He'll do what e'er thou bidst him, call

Him Puck-Hairy.

Madge. Come hither Puck-Hairy. [*En. an imp in shape of a black flock, comes to her.*]

Demd. Where is thy Contract written in Blood?

Madge. 'Tis here.

Demd. So 'tis firm and good.

Where's my Mammillon? come, my Rogue,

And take thy Dinner.

Dicken. Where's my Puggy?

Come to me, and take thy Duggy.

Harg. Come, my Rounny, where art thou?

Enter

Enter Mal. Spencer, *Leading Clod in a Bridle.*

Mal. Come Sirrah, I have swicht you well,
I'll tye you up now to the Rack.

Well met, Sisters, where's my Pucklin?

Come away, my pretty Sucklin.

Clod. Wauns and Flesh, what con Ay do now. I am turn'd into a Horse, a Capo,
a meer Titt; Flesh, Ay st ne'er be a Mon agen, I marle I con I peak, I con no pray,
I wot, a pox o'th' Deel, Mun Ay live of Oates, and Beens, and Hay aw my life,
instead of Beef and Pudding? Uds Flesh, I'll neigh too. *[He neighs.]*

Oh whoo has swicht and spur'd me plaguely, I am raw all over me, who has
ridden a waunded way about too.

Demd. Ointment for fying here I have.

• Of Childrens Fat stoln from the Grave.

• The juice of Smallage, and Night-shade,

Of Poplar Leaves, and Aconite made;

With these

The Aromatick Reed I boyl,

With Water-parfump, and Cinquefoyl,

With store of Soot, and add to that

The reeking Blood of many a Bat.

Dick. • From the Seas slimy owse a Weed

I fetch'd to open locks at need.

• With Coats tuck'd up, and with my Hair,

All flowing loosely in the Air,

With naked Feet I went among

• The poysonous Plants, there Adders' Tongue,

With Aconite and Martagon,

Henbane, Hemlock, Moon-wort too,

• Wild Fig-Tree, that o'er Tombs does grow,

The deadly Night-shade, Cypress, Yew,

And Libbards Bane, and venomous Dew,

I gathered for my Charms. *Harg.* • And I

Dug up a Mandrake which did cry.

Three Circles I made, and the Wind was good,

And looking to the West I stood.

Mal. • The Bones of Frogs I got, and the Blood,

With Screech-Owls Eggs, and Feathers too.

• Here's a Wall-Toad, and Wings of Bats,

The Eyes of Owls, the Brains of Cats.

The Devil appears in humane shape with four Attendants.

Demd. Peace, here's our Master, him salute,

And kiss the Toe of his Cloven-Foot.

Now our new Sister we present,

The Contract too, sign it with • Blood

*[She ties him up, and joyns
with the other Witches.]*

[They kiss the Devil's Foot.]

[Madge signs it with her Blood.]

Dev.

Dev. First, Heaven you must renounce.

Madge. I do.

Dev. Your Baptism thus, I wash out too.

The new Name *Maudlin* you must take,

And all your Gossips must forsake,

And I these new ones for you make:

Demd. A piece of your Garment now present

Madge. Here, take it Master, I'm content.

Demd. Within this Circle I make here,

Truth to our Master you must swear.

Madge. I do.

Dev. You must each Month some murdered Children pay

Besides your yearly Tribute at your day.

Madge. I will.

Dev. Some Secret part I with my mark must tigo,

A lasting Token, that you are wholly mine.

Madge. Oh!

Demd. Now do your Homage.

Dev. Curse Heaven, Plague Mankind, go forth and be a Wren.

Song.

Chor. of **VV**elcome, welcome, happy be,
3 parts. In this blest Societys

1. Men and Beasts are in thy Power.

Thou canst Save, and thou canst Devour.

Thou canst Bless, and Curse the Earth,

And cause Plenty, or a Dearth.

2. Chor. Welcome, &c.

2. O'er Nature's Powers thou canst prevail.

Raise Winds, bring Snow, or Rain, or Hail.

Without their Causes, and canst make

The steady Course of Nature shake.

Chor. Welcome, &c.

3. Thou canst mount upon the Clouds,

And skin o'er the rugged Floods;

Thou canst dive to the Sands below,

And through the solid Earth canst go.

Chor. Welcome, &c.

4. Thou'lt open Locks, or through a Chink

Shalt creep for dampest Meat and Drink.

Thou mayst sleep on tops of Trees,

And dye in Flowers like Humble Bees.

Chor.

Chor. Welcome, &c.

5. Revenge, Revenge, the sweetest Part

Of all thou hast by thy black Art.

On Heaven thou ne'er shalt fix thy Mind,

For here 'tis Heav'n to plague Mankind.

They Dance with fantastick unusual postures.

Devil. At your Command all Natures course shall cease,
And all the Elements make War or Peace:

The Sky no more shall its known Laws obey,
Night shall retreat whilst you prolong the Day.

Thy Charms shall make the Moon and Stars come down,
And in thick darkness hide the Sun at Noon.

Winds thou shalt raise, and freight their rage controul.

The Orbs upon their Axes shall not roll;
Hearing thy mighty Charms, the troubled Sky
Shall crack with Thunder, Heav'n not knowing why.

Without one puff the Waves shall foam and rage,
Then though all Winds together should ingage,
The silent Sea shall not the Tempest feel.

Vallies shall roar, and Trembling Mountains reel.

At thy Command Woods from their seats shall rove.
Stones from their Quarries, and fixt Oaks remove.

Vast standing lakes shall flow, and, at thy Will,
The most impetuous Torrents shall stand still:
Swift Rivers shall (while wond'ring Banks admire)
Back to their Springs with violent haste retire.

Thy Charms shall blast full Fruits, and ripen'd Ears:
Ease anxious Minds, and then afflict with Cares.

Give Love, where Nature cannot, by thy skill,
And any living Creature save or kill:

Raise Ghosts, transform your self, and whom you will.

Enter Tom. Shacklehead, with a Gun on his Shoulder.

Demd. Who's here? who's here?

Tom. Sha. Waunds what's here? The Witches by'r Lady.

I'll shoot amongst 'em: have at ye.

[They all vanish, and Clod neighs.]

Hey, Dive-dappers, Dive-dappers:

What a Devils here! Clod tied by a Bride, and neighing! What a Pox ailst thou? Confit a tell?

[Tho. Shac. takes off the Bridle.]

Clod. Uds Flesh, I am a Mon agen naw!

Why, I was a Horse, a mear Tit, I had lost aw
My Speech, and could do naught but neigh:
Flesh, I am a Mon agen.

Tom. Sha. What a dickens is the Fellewood?

G

Clod.

Clod. Use ta the Bridle with me, fly from the Deel, and the Witches, and Pil tell you aw at the Ale-house.

Tom. Sha. What a murrain ails the Hobbel? I mun follow, and see whar's the matter.

A& Ends.

Notes upon the Third Act.

For these kind of Transformations, you will see Authority at the latter end of these Notes. For Witches delighting in such solitary places, see *Agrippa* and *Lucan*, quoted in the second Act. Having Imps is to be found in all Authors that treat of Witches. Having of Biggs or Teats, I find nowhere but in our English Authors, and in late Examinations. For this Ointment see *Wier. de præstigiis Dam.* ultimo libro de *Lamir*, he has the Receipt at large, *Puerorum pinguedinem decoquendo ex aqua capiunt insissandam, quod ex elixatione ultimam novissimumque subdies, inde condunt continuoque inferunt usui: cum hac immiscet Eleoseleum, aconitum, frondes populeas et fuliginem, vel aliter.* e *Sium*, aconitum vulgare, pentaphyllum, vespertilionis sanguinem, solanum somniferum, &c. This Ointment is in *Cardan de subtilitate*, Cap. de *Mirabilibus*, and in *Paracelsus*, de magna et oculta Philosophia, in *Dalris Disquis. Mag. Quest.* 16. p. 130. There are under that Question several Stories under Oaths and Confessions, of the Witches night-meetings and flying. See *Bodin* for the Ointment lib. 2. *Damon* cap. 4. And *Scot* p. 128. f See the renown'd *Johnson*, in the last Scope of the second Act of his *Iad Shepherd*. g *Hor. Satyr.* 8. *Vidi equidem nigra succinctam vadere palli Canidiam pedibus nudis passoque Capillo:* and the Verse before, *Ossa legant herbasque nocentes.* *Ovid. Ep. of Hyppisille:* *Per tumulos errat sparsis distincta Capillis.* *Senec. de Medea;* v. 756. *Vincula solves Camam, Secretis nudo membra lustrare pede, Ovid. Metam.* 7. *Egreditur tellis vestes induta recinctas, nuda pedes, nudos humeros infusa capillos.* h The use of Herbs in Witchcraft all Authors both Antient and Modern take Notice of, that treat of Witches. *Virg.* *Has herbas atque hec Ponto mihi lesa venena.* *Ovid. Metam.* 7. *Protritus horrendis infamia pabula succis Conerit et tritis Hecateia Cornina miscet.* *Virg.* 3. *Georg.* *Mistueruntque herbas: et non innoxia verba:* *Propert.* *Quippe et collinas ad fossam moveris herbas.* *Virg.* 4. *Æneid.* *Falcibus ad iunx iunon quærantur abentis Pubentes herba nigri cum lacte Veneni.* i *Cicuta*, *solanum*, *hyoscyamus*, *Opbialogoson*, *Martagon*, *Davonicum*, *Aconitum*, are mentioned by *Paracelsus*, *Porta* and *Agrippa*, as especial Ingredients in Magick. k *Hor. Ep.* 5. *In Canidiam: Fuber sepulcris caprificos eruat, Fuber cupressus fanebres.* l *Plin. Nat. Hist.* lib. 2. cap. 13. Writing of the Mandrake, says *Caveam effossuri contrarium ventum, et tribus circulis ante gladio circumscribam, postea fodiant ad occasum spectantes.* m *Hor. Ep.* 5. *Et iuncta turpis ova rana sanguine planamque Nocturna strigis.* For the Bones of Frogs, they are used in Love-Cups, see Notes on the second Act. n For the Owls-Eyes, Bats-Blood and Wings, see *Corn. Agrippa de oculta Philosophia*, lib. 1. cap. 14. and cap. 25. The Toad is said to be of great use in Magick; see *Alphar. Nat. Hist.* lib. 32. cap. 5. A Cats-Brain is an-ingredient in Love-Cups; see the Notes on the second Act. o The Contract signed with Blood, *Bodin. lib.* 2. cap. 4. and most Authors speak of, but *Guaccius* in his *Compend. Malefic.* sets it down at large, of which these are Heads: 1. *Abnegam fidei et Creatori, &c.* 2. *Diabolus libi tingit Lavacro Novi Baptismatis.* 3. *Negato nomine, novam illis induit.* 4. *Cogit abnegare patris et matris, &c.* 5. *Lamia Diabolo dant frustum aliquod vestimenti.* 6. *Præstant Dæmoni juramentum super circulo in terram sculpto.* 7. *Petunt à Dæmone deleri de libro vita, et scribi in libro mortis.* 8. *Pollicentur sacrificia, et quedam striges promittunt se singulis mensibus vel quindenis unum infan- balum strigendo.* i. e. effugando occipuas; this is to be found also in *Bari. Sineus, Quest de strigibus*, 2. cap. 9. *Quotannis aliquid magister vel Dæmonibus pendere tenentur.* See also *Remigius*, lib. 1. II. cap. 10. *Corporis aliquid parti characterem solis imponere: signum non est semper idem formâ, aliquando est simile leporis vestigio, aliquando Misonis pedis, aliquando araneæ vel castelli vel gliv.* Concerning this Mark, see *Bodin. lib.* 2. cap. 4. *Ludwig. Elich.* p. 58. quest. 4. *Nic. Remigius*, lib. 1. cap. 5. pag. 58. I put this down at large, because some were so ignorant to Condemn this Contract, as if it were my prophane invention, and so silly, that they would have the Devil and Witches speak piously. p *Lucan, lib.* 6. *Cessare vices rerum, dilatâque longè Hæsit nocte dies: legi non parat Æther. Sen. Med. Pariterque mundus, lege confusa Eiberis, et solem et atra videt, Et veritum mare tærigit visæ, temporum flexi vices.* q *Ovid. Ep. Hyssip. Illa reluctantem cursu diducere lunam Nititur et tenebris abdere solis equos.* *Metam.* 7. *de Medea,* *Et te luna traho.* *Pet. Arbiter* makes a Witch, boasting her Power, among many other things,

things, say, Luna descendit imago Carminibus deducta meis, the whole Description is very elegant, *Hor. Epod. 5. Quæ sidera excantata voce Theſſala Lunamque celo diripit. Id. Ep. 18. in fine Epodas. Deripere lunam vocibus possumus.* Tribul. lib. 1. *Eleg. 2. Hanc ego de celo ducentem sidera vidi. Propert. Audax cantata leges imponere Luna.* 1. Ovid. *Metam. 7. Nubiliſque induco ventos abigique vocoque.* 1. Lucan. lib. 6. *Torpuit & præcepit auditu carmine mundus: Acibus & rapidis impulsis Jupiter urgens Miratur non ire polos. Nunc omnia complent Inimicitia; & calido præcedunt nubila Phæbe. Et cæcis ignari calorem Jove.* 1. 12. *ibid. venit caſſantibus æquor Intumuit; & curſus ventum ſentire procellas Conticitur turbante Noto.* Sen. *Medea. Sonuere fluctus, tumus inſanum. Mare Tacente vento. Id. Herc. Oer. Concussi fretum ceſſante vento turbidum explicui mare.* 1. Virg. *Æneid. lib. 4. Mæne videbitis Sub pedibus terram & deſcendere montibus oras. Metam. 7. Tudeſque transſerre montes Et mugire ſolum. Lucan. lib. 6. has a bolder Expreſſion, Terra quoque innuit concuſſis, ponderis æcem: Et medium vergentia niſa titubavit in orbem.* 1. *Metam. 7. Vruaque ſaga ſua compulſa me robor terra. Et ſilvas mores.* Ovid. *Ep. Hyſip. Iſte loco ſilvas vruaque ſaxa mover. Sen. Herc. Oer. Habere motum ſaxa.* 1. *Metam. 7. Cum volui, ripis ipſis mirantibus, omnes in fontes redire ſuos, concuſſique ſiſto ſtantia concutia.* Virg. *Æneid. 4. Siſtere aquam Jovis & ſtantia verberare terras.* Tibull. following the Verſe before cit'd. *Fluminis hac rapidi carmine veris iter.* Sen. *Med. Violenta pluſis verſus in fontem vada.* & ſiſter in tot ora diverſi arces conpeſcit undas omnibus ripis piger. 1. Ovid. *Amor. 3. Eleg. 6. Carmine laſa Cores ſterilem vanſcit in herbam.* Virg. *Æcol. 8. ſpeaking of Meris, Atque ſatas vaſto videt vuducere meſſes.* 1. *Æneid. 4. Hac ſe carminibus promittit ſolvere mentes quas veſit, aſt aliſi duras tinniere curas.* 1. Lucan. lib. 5. *Carmine Theſſaliſum dara in præcordia fluxit Non ſatis adductus amor.* 1. *Hor. Epod. 18. P ſum crematos excitare mortuos, Deſiderique temperare poculum.* The raiſing of Ghoſts, and tranſforming themſelves and others, all Witchesmongers both ancient and modern Affirm. Virg. *Æneid.* the place before quoted, *Narſusque ciet Manes. Id. Æcol. 8. Has herbas atque hac Ponto mibi læta venena Ipſe dedit Meris, naſcuntur plurima Ponto. His ego ſepe fugam ſteri & ſe condere ſilvas Merim; ſape animas exire ſepulchris vidi.* &c. *Propertius* before cit'd, *Andea &c. Et ſua nocturno fallere terga lupos.* You may ſee Lucan makes *Brigbe* raiſe a Ghost. *Seneca's nuntius in Herc. Oerius, and Tiresias in Oedipus* do the ſame; all Witchesmongers are full of it. In *Bodin. Demon. lib. 2. cap. 6.* there is a great deal of Stuff about Transformations; he ſays, Witches transform themſelves into Wolves, and others into Aſhes; and I think thoſe are they that believe in 'em: He is very angry with Phyſicians that call *Lycanthropia* a Diſeaſe; he ſays, divers Witches at *Vernon* turn'd themſelves into Cats, and tells a ſtory of three Witches at *Argentine* that turn'd themſelves into Cats; and beat and wounded a Raggot-maker. This alſo *Petr. de Loez de ſpectris. menſiops.* in the Engliſh tranſlation, p. 128. He ſays there, that in his Time a Hermit of *Dole* was turn'd into a Woolf, and was going to devour a little Child, if he had not been ſurpriſed and diſcovered; and a Merchant of *Cyprus* was turn'd into an Aſs; indeed, he ſays, the Devil does not change the Body, but only abuſe and delude the fancy; and quotes *Thomas Aquinas* in 2. ſentent. diſtinct. 8. Aug. lib. 18. de *Civit. Dei.* ſays, he himſelf knew the Father of one *Cræſtians* who was changed into a Mule, and did carry upon his Back Bag and Baggage for Soldiers; but he ſays this was an illuſion of the Devil, and that the Father of *Cræſtians* was not really changed into a Mule, but the Eyes of the beholders were enchanted. *Bodin* ſays, one *Garner*, in the ſhape of a Woolf, kill'd a Child of Twelve Years old, eat up her Arms and Legs, and carried the reſt home to his Wife. And *Peter Burgis*, and *Abthael Weidon*, having turn'd themſelves into Wolves, kill'd and eat a good number of People: Such impoſſible Stories does this *hellus mendaciorum*, as one calls him, ſwallow himſelf, and diſgorge to us. He ſays, the matter of Transformations was diſputed before *Pope Leo the Seventh*, and by him were all judged poſſible. *Wierus ultimo libro de Lamis, cap. 14.* ſays that, *Ad Lamiarum omnipotentiam tandem quoque reſortur quod ſe in Lupos, hircos, canes, felles, aut alia beſtias pro ſue libidinis delectu verè & ſubſtancialiter transformare, & tamilla tempore in homines rursus transformare poſſe ſuſtinentur, ſiquè deſiramentum ab eximius etiam viris pro ipſa veritate defendatur.* I ſhould have mentioned the transformations of *Lucian* and *Apuleius*, which *Bodin* ſays, *Pope Leo the Seventh* adjudg'd Canonical: I could cite many more Authorities for this, and for moſt of the Miracles in the fore-writen Speech; but I ſhall cite the Reader and my ſelf. I have not endeavour'd to tranſlate the Poets ſo much as to take thoughts from them. For the manner of their Muſick, ſee *Ludwigius Eliob. Demon. quaſt. 10. p. 13.* and *Remigius Demonolat. lib. 1. cap. 19. Miramodis illis miſcentur ac turbantur omnia, &c. ſtrepant ſons inconditis, abſurdis ac diſcrepantibus, canit hic Demon ad tibiam, vel verius ad cantum, aut baculum aliquod, quod forte humi repositum, buccam ſeu tibi am admoveat, ille pro-lyra equi calvarium pulſat ac digitis concrepat, aliis fuſte vel clava gravius Quercum tundit; unde exauditur ſonus, ac bratus veluti tympanorum vehemens pulſatorium, intercunt raudice, &c.* For their Dancing, ſee *Bodin, lib. 2. cap. 4.* who ſays they Dance with Brooms. And *Remigius, lib. 1. cap. 17. and 18. Omnia ſunt ritu abſurdiſſimo & ab omni hominum conſuetudine aliena; dorcis invicem verſa & in orbem juſtitiæ manibus, &c. ſua jaſtantes capita utque aſtro aguntur.*

ACT IV.

Sir Edward, Sir Jeffery, La. Shackhead, Sir Timothy and Isabella.

Sir Jeff. I Am sorry I am forced to complain of my Cousin.

La. Sha. Sorry? marry so am not I; I am sorry she is so pert and ill-bred. Truly *Sir Edward*, 'tis unsufferable for my Son, a man of his Quality and Title, born of such a Family, and so Educated, to be so abused, to have Stones thrown at him, like a Dog.

Sir Jeff. We must e'en break off the Match, *Sir Edward*.

Sir Edw. Sir, I am ashamed of it, I blush and grieve to hear it; Daughter; I never thought to see this Day.

Isab. Sir, I am so amazed, I know not what to say; I abuse my Cousin! Sure, he is bewitched.

Sir Tim. I think I am to love you after it, I am sure my Arm's Black and Blue, that it is.

Isab. He jested with me, as I thought, and would have ruffled me, and Kifed me, and I run from him, and in foolish play, I quoited a little Stone or two at him.

Sir Tim. And why did you call me filthy-face, and ugly Fellow; hab, Gentlewoman?

La. Sha. He ugly! Nay, then I have no Eyes; though I say't, that should not say't, I have not seen his Fellow.

Isab. Nor I neither: 'Twas a jest, a jest, he told me he was handsomer for a Man, than I for a Woman.

Sir Jeff. Why, look you there, you Blockhead, you Clown, you Puppy, why do you trouble us with this impertinent Lye?

La. Sha. Good words, *Sir Jeffery*, 'twas not so much amifs; hab, I'll tell you that.

Sir Edw. Sure this is some mistake, you told me you were willing to marry.

Isab. I did not think I should be put to acknowledge it before this Company; But Heaven knows, I am not more willing to live; the time is now so short, I may confess it.

Sir Edw. You would not use him, you intend to marry, ill.

Isab. Love him I am to marry more than Light or Liberty. I have thus long dissembled it through Modesty; but, now I am provoked, I beseech you Sir, think not that I'd dishonour you so.

Sir Edw. Look you, you have made her weep; I never found her false or disobedient.

Sir Tim. Nay, good dear Cousin, don't cry, you'll make me cry too; I can't forbear, I ask you pardon with all my Heart, I vow I do; I was to blame, I must confess.

La. Sha. Go too, *Sir Timothy*, I never could believe one of your Parts would play the Fool so.

Sir Edw. And you will marry to Morrow.

Isab.

Ifab. I never wisht for any thing so much ; you make me blush to say this.

La. Sha. Sweet Cousin forgive me, and Sir *Jeffery*, and Sir *Timothy*.

Ifab. Can I be angry at any thing, when I am to be married to Morrow ?

And I am sure I will be, to him I love more than I hate this Fool. [*Aside.*

Sir Jeff. I could find in my Heart to break your Head, Sir *Timothy* ; you are a Puppy.

Sir Edw. Come let's leave 'em together, to understand one another better.

Sir Jeff. Cousin, Daughter I should say, I beg your Pardon, your Servant.

La. Sha. Servant, sweet Daughter. [*Ex. Sir Edw. Sir Jeff. and Lady.*

Sir Tim. Dear Cousin, be in good Humour, I could wish my self well beaten for mistaking one that loves me so ; I would I might ne'er stir, if I did not think you had been in earnest ; well, but I vow and swear I am mightily beholden to you, that you think me so fine a Person, and love me so dearly ; Oh how happy am I that I shall have thee to Morrow in these Arms ! by these ten bones, I love you more than all the Ladies in *London*, put them together. Prithce speak to me, O that Smile kills me, oh I will so Hug thee and Kiss thee, and Love thee to Morrow Night—— I'd give forty Pound to Morrow Night, were to Night, I hope we shall have Twins before the Year comes about.

Ifab. Do you so Puppy ? [*She gives him a box on the Ear, and pulls him by the Ears.*

Sir Tim. Help, Help, Murder, Murder.

Ifab. Help, Help, Murder, Murder.

Sir Tim. What a Devils to do now ? hah, she Counterfeits a Sound.

Enter *Theodosia* at one Door, and Sir *Jeffery*, and *Lady* at the other.

Theo. How now, my Dear, what's the matter ?

Sir Jeff. What's the Matter ?

Sir Tim. I feel the matter, she gave me a Cuff, and lug'd me by the Ears, and I think she is in a Sound.

Ifab. O the Witch ! the Witch came just now into the Room, and struck Sir *Timothy*, and lug'd him, and beat me down.

Sir Tim. Oh Lord, a Witch ! Ay, 'twas a two-leg'd Witch.

Ifab. And, as soon as she had done, she run out of that Door.

Theo. 'Tis very true, I met her and was frighted ; and left her muttering in the next Room.

Sir Tim. Oh Impudence !

Sir Jeff. You Puppy, you Coxcomb, will you never leave these Lyes ? Is the Fellow bewitched ? [*He Cudgels Sir Tim.*

La. Sha. Go, Fool ; I am ashamed of you.

Sir Jeff. Let's see if we can take this Witch.

La. Sha. Quickly, before she flies away.

[*Ex. Sir Jeff. and Lady.*

Sir Tim. Well, I have done, I'll ne'er tell tale more.

Ifab. Be gone ; Fool, go.

Sir Tim. Well, I will endure this, but I am resolved to marry her to Morrow, and be revenged on her ; if she serves me so then, I will tickle her Toby for her, faith I will. [*Ex. Sir Tim.*

Ifab. Well, I'll be gone, and get out of the way of 'em.

Theo. Come on.

Enter

Enter Young Hartford Drunk.

Yo. Harif. Madam! Cousin, hold a little; I desire a word with you.

Theo. I must stay.

Tab. Adieu then.

Yo. Harif. I am drunken well neegh, and now I am not so, hala, (since we must marry to Morrow,) I pray you now let us be a little better acquainted to neeght, I'll make bold to salute you in a Civil way.

Theo. The Fool's Drunk.

Yo. Harif. By the Mass she kisses rarely, wds lud she has a Breath as sweet as a Cow; I have been a Hawking, and have brought you home a power of Powts in my bag here; we have had the rarest sport; we had been at it still, but that 'tis neeght.

Theo. You have been at some other sport I see.

Yo. Harif. What because I am merry? Nay, and I list, I can be as merry as the best on 'em all.

An onny mon smait my Sweat-Heart,

Ayft smait him agen an I con,

Fleish, what! care for a brokken Yead;

For onest a mon's a mon.

Theo. I see you can be merry indeed.

Yo. Harif. Ay that I can, Fa, la, la, fa, la.

[He sings Roger a Coverly.]

I was at it helter skelter in excellent Ale, with Londoners that went a Hawking, brave Roysters, honest fellows, that did not believe the Plot.

Theo. Why? don't you believe the Plot,

Yo. Har. No, the Chaplain has told me all; there's no Popish Plot, but there's a Presbyterian one; he says, none but Phanaticks believe it.

Theo. An Excellent Chaplain, to make love to his Patron's Daughter, and Corrupt the Son.

[Aside.]

Why all the Eminent Men of our church believe it; this fellow is none of the Church, but crept into it for a livelihood, and as soon as they find him, they'll turn him out of it.

Yo. Har. Nay, Cousin I should not have told it, he Charged me to say nothing of it; but you and I are all one, you are to be Bone of my Bone to Morrow: And I will salute you once more upon that, d'e see.

Theo. Hold, hold, not so fast, 'tis not come to that yet.

Yo. Har. 'Twill come to that and more to Morrow, fa, la, la, but I'll out at four a Hawking though for all that, d'e understand me?

Enter Doubty.

Theo. Here's Doubty, I must get rid of this Fool.

Cousin, I hear your Father coming; if he sees you in this condition hee'll be very angry.

Yo. Har. Thank you kindly, no more to be said; I'll go and Sleep a little; I see she loves me, fa, la, la, la.

[Ex. Yo. Hartford.]

Doubty. Dear Madam, this is a happy minute thrown upon me unexpectedly, and I must use it: To morrow is the fatal day to ruin me.

Theo.

Theo. It shall not ruin me; the Inquisition should not force me to a Marriage with this Fool.

Doubr. This is a step to my Comfort; but when your Father shall to morrow hear your refusal, you know not what his passion may produce; restraint of Liberty is the least.

Theo. He shall not restrain my Liberty of Choice.

Doubr. Put your self into those hands that may defend you from his Power: the hands of him, who loves you more than the most Pious value Heaven; than Misers Gold, than Clergy-men love Power, than Lawyers strife, than Jesuites Blood and Treachery.

Theo. If I could find such a man.

Doubr. Then look no farther Madam, I am he; speak but one word, and make me the happiest man on Earth.

Theo. It comes a little too quick upon me; are you sure you are the man you speak of?

Doubr. By Heaven; and by your self I am, or may I be the scorn of all Mankind; and the most Miserable too, without you.

Theo. Then you shall be the man.

Doubr. Heaven; on my Knees I must receive this Blessing; there's not another I would ask, my Joy's too big for me.

Theo. No Raptures for Heavens sake, here comes my Mother, adieu.

Enter Lady Shacklehead.

Doubr. I must Compose my self.

La. Sha. Sir, your most humble Servant.

Doubr. Your Ladyship's most humble Servant.

La. Sha. It is not fit I should lose this opportunity, to tell you that, (which perhaps may not be unacceptable to a person of your Complexion,) who is so much a Gentleman, that I'll swear I have not seen your equal.

Doubr. Dear Madam, you confound me with your Praises.

La. Sha. I vow 'tis true; indeed I have struggled with my self before I thought fit to reveal this: but the consideration of your great accomplishments, do indeed, as it were, ravish, or extort it from me, as I may so say.

Doubr. I beseech you Madam.

La. Sha. There is Friend of mine, a Lady (whom the world has acknowledged to be well bred, and of Parts too, that I must say, and almost confess) not in the Bud indeed, but in the Flower of her Age, whom time has not yet invaded with his injuries; in fine, Envy cannot say that she is less than a full ripe Beauty.

Doubr. That this Creature should bring forth such a Daughter.

[*Aside.*

La. Sha. Fair of Complexion, Tall, Streight, and shaped much above the ordinary; in short, this Lady (whom many have Languished, and Sigh'd in vain for) does of her self, so much admire your Person, and your Parts, that she extreamly desires to contract a Friendship with you, intire to all intents and purposes.

Doubr. 'Tis impossible she should be in earnest, Madam; but were she, I cannot Marry ever.

La. Sha. Why she is Married already, Lord how dull he is! she is the best Friend
I have

I have, Married to an old man, far above her spritely years.

Doubt. What a Mother-in-Law am I like to have!

La. Sha. Can you not Guess who this is all this while?

Doubt. Too well.

Not I, truly, Madam.

La. Sha. Ha, ha, ha: No! that's strange; ha, ha, ha.

Doubt. I cannot possibly.

La. Sha. Ha, ha, ha. I'll swear! ha, ha, ha.

Doubt. No, I'll swear.

La. Sha. 'Tis very much, you are an ill guesser, I'll vow; ha, ha, ha. Oh Lord! not yet?

Doubt. not yet, nor ever can.

La. Sha. Here's Company, retire.

Enter Smerk and Tegue O Dively.

Smerk. I am all on fire, what is it that Inspires me? I thought her ugly once, but this morning thought her ugly. And thus to burn in love already! Sure I was blind, she is a beauty greater than my fancy er'e could form; a minute's absence is death to me.

Priest. Phaas Joy, dou art in Meditation and Consideration upon something? if it be a Scruple upon thy Conscience, I believe I will make it out unto dee.

Smerk. No Sir, I am only ruminating a while; I am inflamed with her affection. O Susan! Susan! Ah me! Ah me!

Priest. Phaas dost thou not mind me? nor put dy thought upon me? I do desire to know of dy Faather's Child, what he does differ from de Caatholick Church in, by my faist it is a braave Church, and a gaallant Chyrch (de Devil taak mee) I vill tell you now, phare is dere such a one? vill you speak unto me now, Joy; hoh!

Smerk. 'Tis a fine Church, a Church of Spendour, and riches, and power, but there are some things in it —

Priest. Shome things! Phaas dost thou taalk of shome things? By my shoule I vill not see a better Church in a shommers day, indeed, dan de Caatholick Church. I tell you there is braave Dignities, and Promotions too; what vill I shay unto you? by Sr. Phaattrick, but I do beleave I vil be a Cardinal before I vill have death. Dey have had not one Eerish Cardinal a great while indeed.

Smerk. What power is this that urges me so fast? Oh, Love! Love!

Priest. Phaas dost thou shay, dost thou love Promotions and Dignities? den I predee now be a Caatholick. What vill I say unto you more? but I vill tell you, Thou do shay dat de Caatholicks may be shaved; and de Caatholicks do shay, dat you vill be after being damnd; and phare is de solidisy now of daas, daas dan vill not turne a good Caatholick?

Smerk. I cannot believe there is a Purgatory.

Priest. No! Phy, I vill tell you what I vill shay unto you, I have shewn many Shoules of Purgatory dat did appear unto me: And by my trot, I do know a Shoule when I do shее it, and de Shoules did speak unto me, and did deshire of me dat I would pray dem out of that plaashe: And dere Parents, and Friends did give me shome Money, and I did pray 'em out. Without Money indeed, we cannot pray dem out; no faist.

Smerk. That may not be so hard; but for Transubstantiation, I can never believe it.

Priest. Phaas dost thou not beleave de Copncel of Trent, Joy? don vilt be damnd indeed, and

and de Devil take me, if don dosht not believe iron I will tell you phaat vill I say to you a Cooncel in infallible; and I tell you, de Cardinals are infallible too, upon occasion, and dey are damn'd Heretics. Dog, by my shakvation, dar do not believe every oord dey vill speak indeed.

Smerk. I feel a flame within me, oh Love, Look! whither wilt thou carry me?

Priest. Art thou in love, Joy? by my shoule don dosht commit fornication; I vill tell you it is a venial Sin, and I vill after be absolving you for in; but if don dosht Commit Marriage, it is mortall, and don wilt be damn'd and bee fait and trot. I predee now vill don fornicate and not Maery? for my shak' now wilt don fornicate.

Smerk. sure I am bewitch'd. Live! ab ob illiv I, you, got striven I, would I, I

Priest. Bewitch'd in love, Aboo! boo! I'll tell you now, you must take de Woman's. Shee dar don dosht Love sho, and don must make a Jaakes of it, dar is in sho, don must lay a Sirreverence, and be in it, and it will make eyes upon de.

Smerk. Oh! the Witch! the Witch! **Mal. Spencer.** I am struck in my Bowels, take her away, there, oh! I have a Thousand Needles in me, take her away, **Mal. Spencer.**

Priest. Phaae is she, **Mal. Spencer.** Exorcizor, Conjuro in Nomine, (He mutters and Crosses himself.)

Smerk. Oh, I have a Million of Needles Pricking my Bowels.

Priest. I will set up a habbub for dee, help! help! who is dered help, Aboo! boo boo.

Enter Sir Jeffery, and Lady, and Susan.

Smerk. Oh Needles! Needles! Take away. **Mal. Spencer,** take her away.

Sir Jeff. He is bewitch'd, some Witch has gotten his image, and is tormenting it.

Priest. Hold him, and I vill tak some course vid him, he is posses'd, or obes'd, I vill touch him vid some Relicks.

Susan. Oh, good Sir, help him; what shall I do for him?

La. Sha. Get some Lead melted (and holding over his body) power it into a Poring-ful of Water, and if there appear any image upon the Lead, then he is bewitch'd.

[This experiment is to be found in Mal. Malefic.]

Priest. Peash? I shay, here is shome of St. Phaaricks own Whisker, and some of the Snuff he did use to taak, that did hang upon his Beard; here is a Tooth of St. Winifred, indeed, here is Corn from de Toe of St. Ignatius, and here is de paring, of his Nails too.

Smerk. O worse, worse, take her away.

Priest. By my shoul it is a vey strong Devil, I vill try some more, here is St. Caarings de Virgins Wedding-Ring, here is one of St. Bridgets Nipples of her Togg, by my shoule, here is some of de sweat of St. Francis, and here is a peice of St. Lawrence's Gridiron, dese vill make Cure upon any shickness, if it be not ones last shickness.

Susan. What will become of me, I have poyson'd him, I shall lose my Lover, and be hang'd into the bargain.

Smerk. Oh! I dye, I dye, oh, oh.

Priest. By my shoul it is a very strong Devil, a very aable Devil, I will run and fetch thome Holy-water.

Susan. Look up dear Sir, speak to me, ah woe me, Mr. Smerk, Mr. Smerk.

Sir Jeff. This Irish-man is a Gallant man about Witches, he out does me.

La. Sha. But I do not know what to think of his Popish way, his words his Charms, and Holy Water, and Relicks, methinks he is guilty of Witchcraft too, and you should send him to Gaol for it.

Smerk. Oh! oh!

Enter Priest with a Bottle of Holy-Water.

Priest. Now, I varrant you Joy, I will do de Devil's business for him, now I have dis Holy-water.

Phaat is de matter now? *phare* is dis Devil dat does taak my Holy-Water from me? He is afraid of it; I the my bottle, but I do not thee de Devil does taak it. I will Catch it from him.

[The Bottle, as he reaches at it, flies from him.]

Sir Jeff. This is wonderful!

La. Sha. Most amazing!

Priest. Conjurō te malum dāmonem, Conjurō te pessimum Spiritum; redde mihi meum *(dic Latine)* Bottle, phaat vill I do it is gone.

La. Sha. Els strange: You see he does not fear holy-water.

Priest. I tell you phaat is de matter, by my shoul he vill touch de Bottle, because daat is not Consecrate; but, by fait, he will not meddle wid de Vater. I will fetch thome, I have in a Basshon.

[He runs out and fetches a Bason of Water.]

Susan. He lyes as if he were asleep.

Smerk. Oh! I begin to have some ease.

Priest. I did never meet wid a Devil dat did Gollt so much labour before.

[He blows Water in Smerk's Face.]

Exorciso te Dāmonem, fuge, fuge; Exorciso te, per Melchisedeck, per Bethlehem Gabor, per omne quod exit in um, seu Gramm sine Latinum.

Smerk. I am much better now, and the Witch is gone.

Susan. Good Sir retire to your Chamber, I will fetch some Cordials.

Smerk. Sweet beautiful Creature; How am I Enamour'd with thee! Thy beauty dazzles like the Sun in his Maridun.

Sir Jeff. Beauty, Enamour'd! Why he seems distracted still; lead him to his Chamber, and let him rest.

Priest. Now Jay, doth do she, I have maad a Miracle by my shoul. Phen vill I the one of your Church maake a Miracle, hoh? by my shoulvaation dey cannot maake Miracles out of de Caatholick Church, I tell you now, hoh.

[Mother Demdike comes in, and bows to the Priest.]
Phaat is de matter now, ah? by my shoul something does cuff upon my face, air bee, *Exorciso te in nomine, nomine*, by my shoul Satan, I vill pelt dee wid Holy Water indeed; he is Angry dat I did maake a Miracle.

[Mother Demdike gets behind him, and Kicks and Beats him.]

La. Sha. What is this, I hear the blows, and see nothing.

Sir Jeff. So do I, I am frighted and amazed, let's fly.

Priest. Oh, oh, vat is dis for Joy, oh, all my Holy-water is gone, I must fly.

[He mutters and Cresses himself, and the Witch beats him out.]

Enter

Enter Belfort and Isabella.

Bell. All this day have I watch'd for this opportunity, let me improve it now. Consider, Madam, my extreme love to you, and your own hatred to that Fool, for whom you are designed to marry to-morrow.

Isab. My consent is to be had first.

Bell. Your Father's resentment of your refusal, may put you out of all possibility of making me happy, or providing for your own Content.

Isab. To marry on against his Consent is a Crime he'll ne'er forgive.

Bell. Though his Engagement to Sir Jofery would make him refuse his Consent beforehand, he is too reasonable a man to be troubled afterwards, at your Marrying to a better Estate, and to one that loves more than he can tell you: I have not words for it.

Isab. Though I must confess you may deserve much better, would you not imagine were very forward to receive you upon so short an acquaintance?

Bell. Would I had a Casement in my Breast. Make me not, by your delay, the miserablest watch on Earth: (which I shall ever be without you) think quickly Madam, you have not time to consider long, I lay my self at your Feet, to be for ever made happy or miserable by you.

Isab. How shall I be sure you'll not deceive me? These hasty vows, like Angry words, seldom show the Heart.

Bell. By all the Powers of Heaven and Earth.

Isab. Hold, Swear not, I had better take a man of honour at his word.

Bell. And may Heaven throw its Curses on me when I break it; my Chaplain's in the House, and passes for my Valet de Chambre. Will you for ever make me Happy, Madam?

Isab. Pluck trust your honour, and I'll make my self so; I throw my self upon you, use me nobly: now 'tis ours.

Bell. Use yee, as I would use my Soul; my Honour, my Heart, my Life, my Liberty, and all I have is yours. There's not a man in all the World, that I can envy now, or wish to be.

Isab. Take care, we shall be spy'd: The short time I have to resolve in, will, I hope, make you have a better Opinion of my modesty, than otherwise you would have occasion for.

Bell. Dearest, Sweetest of Creatures! my Joy distracts me; I cannot speak to you.

Isab. For Heavens sake leave me, if you raise a Jealousie in the House I am ruin'd, we'll meet soon.

Bell. Adieu, my Life! my Soul! I am all obedience.

[Exit Belfort.]

Enter Theodosia.

Isab. Oh my Dear, I am happy, all's out that pained me so; my Lover knows I love him.

Theo. I have confessed to my Ghostly Father too, and my Conscience is at ease.

Isab. Mine received the news with more Joy, than he could put in words.

Enter Sir Jeffery, Lady, and Sir Timorby.

Thea. And mine in rapture; I am the happiest Woman Living.

Isab. I'll not yield to you at all in that.

Theo. There's no cause I would not submit to you in, but this my Dear

Isab. I will hold out in this cause while I have breath; I am happier in my Choice than all the World can make me.

Theo. Mine is the Handfomest, Wittiest, most accomplish'd Gentleman.

Isab. Mine is the Beautifullest, sweetest, well shap'd, well bred, wittiest Gentleman.

Sir Tim. That must be I, whom she means, for all my Quarrels with her.

La. Sha. Peace; we shall hear more.

Theo. Little think our Fathers how happy we shall be to Morrow.

Sir Jeff. What's that? Listen.

Isab. (If no unlucky Accident should hinder us) we shall be far happier than they can imagine.

Thea. How we have cheated them all this while!

Isab. 'S life they are behind us, Sir not. We have hidden our Love from them all this while.

La. Sha. Have you so? but we shall find it now.

Isab. Your Brother little thinks I love him so; for I have been cross and coy to him on purpose. I shall be the Happiest Woman in him I am to have, that ever was.

Theo. I could wish your Brother lov'd me, as well as mine does you. For never Woman loved the Man she was to Marry, as I do him. I am to have to Morrow.

Sir Jeff. That's my best Daughter, thou wert ever a good Child, may bluss not, all is out, we heard ye both.

Sir Tim. Ay, all is out, my pretty Dear Dissembler; well I protest and vow, I am mightily oblig'd to you for your great Love to me, and good opinion of me.

La. Sha. I hope to morrow will be a happy day for both our Families.

Enter Sir Edward, Belford and Doubry, and Musicians.

Oh, Sir Edward, is not that strange I told you, I should not have believed it, if I had not seen it?

Sir Edw. And pray give me the same Liberty. But now we'll have some Musick, that's good against Inchantment; sing me the Song I commanded you and then we'll have a dance before we go to Bed.

Song.

Enter Priest.

Priest. Hoh, 'tis a pretty Shong, but I vill sing a brave Cronan now, dat is better I tell you. [He sings.]

Sir Edw. 'Tis very fine, but sing me one Song more in three Parts, to sweeten our Ears, for all that. * Why, what's the matter? you gape and make Faces, and do not sing, what's the matter, are you mad? * They gape and strain, but cannot sing but make an ugly noise.

Priest.

Priest. Do you play, play, play I say, Oh they are bewitch'd, I will stay no more.

Sir Edw. Play I say.

Music. I can't, my Arms are on the sudden stiff as marble, I cannot move them.

[They hold up their bows, but cannot play. Exit Priest.]

Sir Edw. Sure this is Roguery, and Confederacy.

Priest. *Conjuro te, conjuro in nomine, &c.*

Sir Edw. Hold, hold, prithee don't duck us, all, *[The Priest comes in with Holy-Water and sings it upon them so long till they run out roaring.]*

Priest. I tell you it is good for you an bee, and will defend you upon occasion.

Sir Jeff. Now you see, Sir, with your own Eyes; cannot you give us a Receipt to make Holy-water?

Priest. A Resheit, aboo, boo, boo; by my Shoule he is a Fool. I have maade two Hogsheds gra, and I vill have you vash all de Rooms vid ir, and de Devill vill not come upon de plaash by my Shalvation.

Bell. 'Tis a little odd; but however, I shall not fly from my Belief, that every thing is done by Natural Causes, because I cannot presently assign those Causes.

Sir Edw. You are in the right, we know not the powers of matter.

Doubt. When any thing unwonted happens, and we not see the cause, we call it unnatural and miraculous.

Priest. by my Shoule you do talke like Heretick-Dogs, and Atheists.

Sir Edw. Let us enquire farther about these Musicians.

Priest. I vill make shome Miracles, and I think I vill be after reconciling dem indeed, oh don damn'd vitch.

Now I doe shew dee, I vill beat upon dee vid my Beads and Crucifix, oh, oh, shew is a damn'd Protestant Heretick Vitch, daat is de reason she vill not fly, oh, oh, oh. *[Ex. all but Priest.]*

Enter Tom Shacklehead, and Clod, in the Field.

Tom Sha. By'r Lady 'tis meety strong Ale, Ay am well neegh drunken, and my Nephew will be stark wood, his Hawks want their Pidgeons aw this neeght.

Clod. Why what wouden yeow bee a Angee? Fleth, Ay ha gotten de Bridle by'r Lady, Ay it ma' some body marry mee, and be my Titt too.

Tom. Thon'r a strange Fillee *[Horse I should say,]* why didst thou think thou wast a Titt, when th' Bridle was on thee.

Clod. Ay marry, I know weel I am sure, I wot I was a Titt, a meer Titt.

Tom. Listen, ther's a noise of a woman in the Ayr, it comes towards us.

Clod. Ay by th' Mafs, 'tis Witches.

Witches above. Here this way, no that way, make haft, follow the dame, wee shall be too late, 'tis time enough, away, away, away.

Tom. Wounds and Fleth, it is a flock of Witches by'r Lady, they come reeght ore Head, I'll let fly at 'em, hah, be th' Mafs I ha maimed one, here's one has a Wing brocken at least.

Clod. M. Spencer by th' Mafs.

M. Spen. O Rogues! I'll be revenged on you, Dogs, Villains, you have broken my Arm.

Clod.

Clod. I was made a Horse, a Titt by thee, by th' Maſs I'll be revenged o' thee.

[He puts the Dagger upon her.

*A Horſe, a Horſe, be thou to me,
And carry me where e'er I flee.*

[He flies away upon her.

Tom. O'ds Fleſh, what's this; I cannot believe my Senſes; I muſt walk home alone, but I'll charge my piece again by'r Lady, and the Haggſ come again I'll have 't other Shoos at 'em.

[Ex. Tom. Shack.

The Scene returns to Sir Edwards Houſe.

Enter Belfort and Doubt.

Bell. My Dear Friend, I am ſo tranſported with exceſs of Joy, it is become a Pain, I cannot bear it.

Doubt. Dear Belfort, I am in the ſame Caſe, but (if the hope tranſports us) ſo what will Enjoyment do?

Bell. My Blood is Chill, and ſhivers when I think on't.

Doubt. One night with my Miſtreſs would out weigh an Age of Slavery to come.

Bell. Rather than be without a Nights enjoyment of mine, I would be hang'd next Morning: I am impatient till they appear.

Doubt. They are Women of Honour, and will keep their Words; your Paſſion's ready, and three or four of our Servants for Witneſſes.

Bell. He is ſo, 'twill be diſpatch'd in half a quarter of an Houe, all are retired to Bed.

Enter Lady Shacklehead.

Doubt. Go in, yonders my Lady Mother-in-Law coming, I muſt contrive a way to ſecure her: in, in.

Bell. I go.

Doubt. Death, that this old Fellow ſhould be aſleep already! ſhe comes now to diſcover, what I know too well already.

La. Sha. He is there I'll ſwear, a punctual Gentleman, and a Perſon of much Honour; Sir, I am come according to your Appointment, Sir Jeffery is ſaſt.

Doubt. 'Tis before I expected, Madam, I thought to have left Belfort aſleep, who is a Jealous Man, and believes there is an Intrigue betwixt your Ladyſhip and me.

La. Sha. I vow: Ha, ha, ha, Me I no, no; ha, ha, ha.

Doubt. Retire for a ſhort time, and when I have ſecured him, I'll wait on you; but let it be i'th' dark.

La. Sha. You ſpeak like a diſcreet and worthy Perſon, remember this Room, there's no Body lies in it; I will ſtay there in the dark for you.

Doubt. Your moſt humble Servant. Well, I will go to the Ladies Chamber as if I miſtook it for mine, and let them know this is the time.

Enter Tegne O Dively.

Prieſt. Dere is ſometimes de pretty Wenches doe walke here in the dark at night,

night, and by my Shoulvation if I doe catch one, I will be after enjoying her Body: And fait and trot I have a great need too, it is a venial Sin, and I do not care.
Doubt. Death, who is here? Stay Ladies, here's the damn'd Priest in the way.

Enter Doubt with a Candle.

Ifab. Go you, we'll follow by and by in the dark. *[The Ladies retire; Doubt goes to his Chamber.]*

Enter Lady Shackleton.

La. Sha. I hear one trampling, he is come already, sure *Bedford* is asleep; who is there.

Priest. By my Shoul is it a Woman's Speech, tis I; where are you? by my fait I will maak a Child upon her Body.

La. Sha. Mr. *Doubt*.

Priest. Ay, let me put a sweet kish upon dy Hand Joy, and now I vill Shalute dy Mount, and I vill Embrace dy Body too indeed.

La. Sha. 'S life, I am mistaken, this is the Irish Priest; his understanding is sure to betray him.

Priest. I predee now Joy be not nisse, I vill maak shome good sport vid dee indeed.

[La. pulls her Hand away and flies.]

Hoo now, phaaare is dy Hand now? oh,

Here it is by my Shoule.

[Enter Mother Dickenson and puts her Hand into the Priest's.]

I vill use dee bravely upon occasion, I vill tell you, pridee kish me upon my Faash now, it is a brave kish indeed.

[The Witch kisses him.]

By my Shoul dou art very handsome, I doe know it, dough I cannot thee dee. I predee now retire vid me aboo, aboo, by my shoule dis is a Gaallant occasion, come Joy.

[Ex. Priest and Witch.]

Enter Lady.

La. Sha. What's the meaning of this? He talked to some Woman, and killed her too, and is retired into the Chamber I was in.

Ifab. Every thing is quiet, I hear no noise.

[Enter Ifab. and Theo.]

Theo. Nor I, this is the happy time.

La. Sha. This must be he, who's there?

Theo. 'S life! This is my Mother's Voice, retire softly.

Ifab. Oh Misfortune! What makes her here! we are undone if she discovers us.

La. Sha. Who's there I say? will you not answer? what can this mean? 'tis not a Wench I hope for *Doubt*, and then I care not.

Enter Priest and Witch.

I am impatient till he comes, ha, whom have we here? I am sure this is not he, he does not come that way.

Priest. By my shoul Joy, dou art a Gaallant peete of Flesh, a brave Bedfollow, phoo art dou?

Dick. One that loves you dearly.

Priest.

Priest. Phaat vill I doe to theady fash I wonder? Oh, there's a Light approach-
ing unto us. *La. Sha.* Who's this with a light? I staid fly. *Enter La. Sha.*

Enter Susan with a Candle.

Priest. Now I will theedy feast.
Susan. O Sir, are you there? I am going to M. Smerk with this Caudle, poor Man.
Priest. O phaat have I done? Oh! de Vich! de Vich! *[The Witch sinks, she lets fall the Caudle and Candle, and exclaims striking.]*
Susan. Oh! the Witch! the Witch!
Priest. By my Shoodle I have had Communication and Co-
pulation too vid a Succubus; Oh! phaat vill I do! phaat vill I do! by my fait and
troi, I did thought there had been a brave and gallant Lady, and bee, oh! oh! oh! *[Exit Priest.]*

Enter Lady Shacklehead.

La. Sha. What shriek was that? hah! here's no Body, sure all's clear now!

Enter Isabella and Theodolia.

Isab. I heard a shriek, this is the time to venture, they are frighted out of the
Gallery, and all's clear now.

Theo. Let's venture, we shall have people stirring very early this morning to
prepare for the Wedding else.

La. Sha. Ha! who's that? I am terribly afraid: Hea-
ven! what's this! the Chamber door open'd, and I saw
a Woman or two go in, I am enraged, I'll disturb 'em.
Isabella, Theodolia, Belfort, Doubty, a Parson and Servants in the Chamber.

Isab. You see we are Women of Words, and Women of Courage too, that dare
venture upon this dreadful Business.

Bell. Welcome, more welcome than all the Treasures of the Sea and Land.

Doubt. More welcome than a Thousand Angels.

Theo. Death! we are undone, one knocks. *[La. Shacklehead.]*

Bell. Curse on 'em, keep the Door fall.

La. Sha. Gentlemen, open the Door for Heaven's sake, quickly.

Isab. Open it, we are ruined else; we'll into the Bed, you know what you have
to doe. *[They cover themselves.]*

Enter Lady Shacklehead.

La. Sha. Gentlemen, the House is alarm'd with Witches, and I saw two come
to this Chamber, and come to give you notice.

Bell. Here are none but whom you see,

Doubt. They come invisibly then, for we had our Eyes on the Door.

La. Sha. Are they not about the Bed some where? Let's search.

Bell. There are no Witches there, I can assure you.

La. Sha. Look a little, I warrant you.

[Sir Jeffery knocks without.]

Sir Jeff. Open the Door quickly, quickly, the Witches are there.

La.

La. Sha. Oh! my Husband! I am ruin'd if he sees me here.

Doubt. Put out the Candle, lie down before the door.

[The enters, and stumbles upon the Servant.]

Sir Jeff. Oh! Oh! I have broken my Knees, this is the Witches doing: I have lost my Wife too: lights, lights there.

La. Sha. I'll not stay here.

Isab. Here's no staying for us.

Thos. Quickly, go by the Wall.

Sir Jeff. For Heaven's sake let's into the Gallery and call for lights.

Bell. A Curse upon this Fellow, and all ill luck.

Doubt. Hell take him, the Ladies are gone too.

ACT V.

Enter Belfort and Doubt.

Bell. **W**hat unfortunate disappointments have we met with.

Doubt. All ill luck has conspired against us this night.

Bell. We have been near being discover'd, which would have ruin'd us.

Doubt. And we have but this night to do our Business in; if we dispatch not this affair now, all will come out to Morrow.

Bell. I tremble to think on't; sure the surprize the Ladies were in before, has frighted 'em from attempting again.

Doubt. I rather think that they have met with People in the Gallery, that have prevented 'em.

Bell. Now I reflect, I am apt to think so too; for they seem to be very hearty in this Matter. Once more go to their Chamber.

Doubt. Go you in then to ours.

Enter Lady Shacklehead.

La. Sha. Hold, Mr. Doubt.

Doubt. A Curse on all damn'd Luck, is she here?

Sweet Madam, Is it you? I have been watching for Bellfort's sleeping ever since.

La. Sha. I ventur'd hard, since Sir Jeffery mis'd me out of Bed, I had much ado to fasten an excuse upon him.

Doubt. I am so afraid of Bellfort's coming, Madam, he was here but even now. The hazard of your Honour puts me in an Agony.

La. Sha. O dear Sir, put out the Candle, and he can never discover any thing; besides, we will retire into yon Room.

Doubt. Death! What shall I do now?

La. Sha. And since it is dark, and you cannot see my Blooses, I must tell you, you are a very ill guesser; for I myself was the person I describ'd.

Doubt. Oh Madam! you raille me, I will never believe it while I live; it is impossible.

La. Sha. I'll swear 'tis true: Let us withdraw into that Room, or we shall be discover'd. Oh Heaven! I am undone, my Husband with a light ran into your Chamber.

Doubt. 'Tis a happy deliverance.

La. Sha. I'll countfeit walking in my sleep.

Aside. [Ex. Doubt.]

Enter Sir Jeffery with a Light.

Sir Jeff. Where is this Wife of mine? She told me she fell fast asleep in the Closet at her Prayers, when I mist her before; and I found her there at my coming back to my Chamber? But now she is not there, I am sure! Ha! here she is. Ha! what is she blind? she takes no notice of me; how gingerly she treads.

La. Sha. Oh! stand off—who's that would kill my dear Sir Jeffery? Stand off, I say.

Sir Jeff. Oh Lord, kill me! where! ha! here's no body.

La. Sha. Oh! the Witch, the Witch, oh she pulls the cloaths off me. Hold me, Sir Jeffery, hold me.

Sir Jeff. On my Conscience and Soul she walks in her sleep.

La. Sha. Oh, all the Cloaths are off, cover me, oh I am so cold!

Sir Jeff. Good lack a day, is it so! my Dear, my Lady.

La. Sha. Hah, ha!

Sir Jeff. Wake I say, wake.

La. Sha. Ah,

Sir Jeff. 'Tis I, my dear.

La. Sha. Oh Heav'n! Sir Jeffery, where am I?

Sir Jeff. Here in the Gallery.

La. Sha. Oh! how came I here?

Sir Jeff. Why, thou didst walk in thy sleep; good lack a day, I never saw the like.

La. Sha. In my sleep, say you? Oh Heav'n! I have catcht my death. Let's to Bed, and tell me the story there.

Sir Jeff. Come on. Ha, ha, ha, this is such a jest! walk in your sleep! gods night, I shall so laugh at this in the morning.

La. Sha. This is a happy come off.

Aside.

Enter Isabella and Theodosia.

Isab. If we do not get into this Chamber suddenly, we are undone! They are up in the Offices already.

Theo. New adventures been so often disappointed, in so short a time.

Isab. There's no body in the Gallery now, we may go.

Theo. Hark then, and let us fly thither.

Isab. Ah, what's this?

Theo. [Susan enters with a Candle.]

Susan. Oh! the Witches, the Witches.

Smerk. Oh mercy upon us, where is this Candle?

So let me tell you, 'Twas no Witch, they were the two young Ladies, that frighted my dear beauteous love so, and I'll acquaint their Parents with it, I'll assure you.

Susan. This is strange, what could they have to do at this time of the night?

Smerk.

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Smerk. I know not. But I well know what I have to do. I am inflam'd beyond all measure, with thy heavenly Beauty.

Susan. Alas! my beauty is but moderate; yet none of the world, I must needs say.

Smerk. 'Tis blasphemy to say so; your eyes are bright like two Twin Stars; your Face is an Ocean of beauty; and your Nose a Rock arising from it, on which my heart did split: Nothing but Ruby and Pearl is about thee; I must blazon thee by jewels, thy beauty is of a Noble rank.

Susan. Good lack, what fine language is this! well, 'tis a rare thing to be a Scholar.

Smerk. 'Tis a miracle I should not think her handsome before this day; she is an Angel! *Isabella* is a *Dowdy* to her. You have an unexhausted mine of beauty. Dear Mrs. *Susan* cast thy Smiles upon me, and let me labour in thy Quarry: Love makes me Eloquent and Allegorical.

Susan. Sweet Sir, you oblige me very much by your fine Language; but I vow I understand it not; yet methinks it goes very prettily.

Smerk. I will unfold my heart unto thee; let me approach thy lip. Oh fragrant! *Arabia felix* is upon this lip.

Susan. Ha! upon my lip, what's that? I have nothing, I have no pimple, nor any thing upon my lip, not I.

Smerk. Sweet Innocence — I will be plain; I am inflam'd within, and would enjoy thy lovely Body in Sweet dalliance.

Susan. How Sir; do you pretend to be a Divine, and would commit this sin! know, I will preserve my Honour and my Conscience.

Smerk. Conscience? why so you shall, as long as our minds are united. The Casuists will tell you, it is a Marriage in *Form*; and besides, the Church of Rome allows Fornication: And truly it is much practis'd in our Church too. Let us retire, come, come.

Susan. Stand off, I denie you: your Casuists are Knaves, and you are a Papist; you are a foul voluptuous Swine, and I will never smile on you more. Farewell.

Smerk. Hold, hold, Dear, Beautiful Creature, I am at thy mercy: Must I marry then? speak. Prethee spare me that, and I'll do any thing.

Susan. Stand off, I scorn thy love; thou art a pious Fellow.

Smerk. Dear Mrs. *Susan* hear me; let us but do the thing, and then I'll marry thee.

Susan. I'll see thee hang'd ere I'll trust thee, or ere a Whoremaster of you all. No, I have been serv'd that trick too often already. I thank you. [Aside.]

Smerk. Must I then Marry?

[Enter *Isabella* and *Theodosia* disguised, with *Pixors* like *Witches*.]

Isab. Yonder's the Chaplain and *Susan*. But this disguise will fright 'em.

Theo. Let's on, we must venture.

Susan. Oh! the Witches, the Witches.

Smerk. Oh! fly, fly. [Exit *Susan* and *Chaplain*.]

[Enter *Belfort* and *Doubty*.]

Bell. What trick was that?

Doubt. We have been several times allarm'd with these Noises.

Bel. There's nothing but madness and confusion in this Family.

Isab. Hear'n I who are these whispering?

Doubt. There's nothing but madness and confusion in this Family.

Isab. Hear'n I who are these whispering?

Doubt. It is lucky — where is your fair Companion?

Isab. Here.

Doubt. And here's my Friend —

Bel. A thousand Blessings on you.

Priest. Phoo are dese?

Enter Priest with a Candle

Bel. Hear'n what's this, the damn'd Priest? These disguises will serve our turn yet: oh, Sir we are haunted with Witches here, run in quickly for some Holy-water.

Priest. I vill, I vill, let me alone.

Bel. Now in, in quickly.

[Ex. Bel. Doubt. Isab. and Theo.]

Enter Priest with Holy-water

Priest. Phoo are dese Witches? phoo are dey? nah, dey are Wanibet for fear of me, I vill put dish down in dis plaash for my defence; what vill I do now? I have maad Fornication vid dis Vitch or Succubus indeed; when I do go home, I vill be after being absolv'd for it, and den I vill be as innocent as de child unborn by my Shoul; I have hang dony self all round vid religion indeed, and de Sprights and de Witches cannot hurt me, fait and troc.

Enter Mrs. Dickenson

M. Dick. My Dear, I come to visit thee again.

Priest. Phooat is here, de Vitch agen does come to haunt me, *Demdrit* — out upon dee, dou damn'd Vitch, vat doosit dee come upon me for? I dese dee, a plague taak dee indeed.

M. Dick. I am no Witch, I am a poor innocent woman, and a Tenant of Sir Edward's, and one that loves you dearly.

Priest. Dou plaagy Witches, let me come unto my holy vater, and I vill pay dee off indeed; hoh, by my Salvation tis all flown away — Oh dou damn'd Vitch, I vill hang dee indeed.

M. Dick. Prisedee be kinder, my Dear, and kiss me.

Priest. Out, out, kiss dee — a plague taak dee, Joy; stand off upon me, by my Salvation, I vil kiss the dogs Arle, (having dy preface, before I vill be after kissing dee:

M. Dick. Be not so unkind to thy own Dear. Thou didst promise me Marriage, thou knowe'st, and I come to claim thee for my Husband.

Priest. Aboo, boo, boo, Mariage! Vat vill I Marry vid a Vitch, by my Shoul — *Conjuro te; fuge, fuge.*

M. Dick. Do not think to put me off with your Latine; for do you hear Sir, you promised me Marriage, and I vill have you.

Priest. Oh phooat vill I do? vat vill I do?

M. Dick. This morning I vill marry you, I'll stay no longer, you are mine.

Priest.

Priest. By my Shoul, Joy, I will tell you, I am a Romish Priest and I cannot Maarry; What would you have now?

M. Dick. You shall turn Protestant then, for I will have you.

Priest. By St. Patrick, what does she say? Oh damn'd Protestant Vitch! I will speak shivvily, Madam, I will tell dee now, if you will repair unto diue own House, by my shoulvation I will come unto dee to morow, and I will give dee satisfaction indeed.

[Aside.] As soon as thee does get home, fait and trot I will bring de Constable, and hang her indeed.

M. Dick. I'll not be put off, I'll have you now.

Priest. By my Shoul I will not go, I will hang dee for a Vitch, and now I do apprehend dee upon dat. Help, help.

Enter Tom Sh. and Clod.
I have taken a Vitch indeed: Help, help.

M. Dick. I am your Wife.

Priest. Help, help, I have taken a Vitch.

Tom Sh. Ha! what's here? one of the Witches by th' Meis.

Priest. Ay, by my Shoul, Joy, I have taken her.

Tom Sh. Nay, by r Lady, whoo has taken yeow by yeowr leave.

Clod. We han taken a Vitch too: lay hand on her.

M. Dick. Deber, Deber, little Martin, little Martin, where art thou little Master? where art thou little Master?

Priest. Dost dee mutter? By my shoule I vill hang dee, Joy, a plague taak dee, indeed.

M. Dick. Thou art a Romish Priest, and I will hang thee.

Priest. I am Innocent as the Child unborn, I vill taak de Oades, and bee—

M. Dick. Marry, Madam, Roney, Peking, little Master, have you left me all?

Clod. We han got another Vitch, who's strongly guarded and Watched i th sta-bo.

Tom Sh. Come let's hale her thither: We could not get into the hawse till naw, we came wheene so late at neeger.

Priest. Come, let us taake de Vitch away. I will hang dee, Joy—a plague taake dee, fait.

M. Dick. Am I o'er taken then?—I am Innocent, I am Innocent.

Tom Sh. Let us carry her thither, come along.

Priest. Pull her away—we will be after hanging of you, Fait and Trot.

[Ex. Enter Sir Timothy, and Servant, with a Candle.]

Sir Tim. I could not rest to night for the Joy of being Married to day. 'Tis a pretty Rogue—she's some what Cross—but I warrant her she will love me, when she has tryed me once.

Serv. Why would you rise so soon? 'Tis not day yet.

Sir Tim. 'Tis no matter, I cannot sleep man, I am to be Married, Sirrah.

Serv. Ay, and therefore you should have slept now, that you might watch the better at night: For twill be uncivil to sleep much upon your Wedding Night.

Sir Tim. Uncivil, ay that it will—very uncivil: I wont sleep a wink, Call my new Brother-in-Law! Oh here he is, he can't sleep, neither.

Enter Florsford, and his Maid with a Candle.
 Yo. Har. Set down the Candle; and go bid the Grocer get the Horses ready; I must away to the Poultry.

Sir Tim. Oh brother, good morrow to you; what a Devil's this — what, booted! are you taking a Journey upon your wedding day?

Yo. Har. No, but will not lose my Hawking this Morning. I will come back time enough to be Married, Brother.

Sir Tim. Well, breeding's a fine thing — this is a strange ill-bred Fellow! what, Hawk upon your wedding day! I have other game to fly at — Oh how I long for night — why my Sister will think you care not for her.

Yo. Har. *Aside*, No more — I don't very much care on Marrying, I love a Hawk, and a Dog, and a Horse better than all the Women in the World. *[To him]*. Why I can Hawk and Marry too: She shall see I love her: For I will leave off Hawking before Ten a Clock.

Enter Servant.
 Serv. Sir, I cannot come at the Horses, for the People have taken a brace of Witches, and they are in the stable under a strong Guard; that will let no body come at 'em.

Yo. Har. Uds Flesh, I shall have my Horses bewitched, and lost 100 Pounds worth of Horse Flesh.

Sir Tim. No, no, they can do no hurt — when they are taken the Devil leaves 'em — Let's go see 'em —

Yo. Har. What shall we do? *[Their men taking up the Candles, and spinning away with 'em.]*

Sir Tim. Let us stand up close against the Wall.

Yo. Har. Listen, here are the Witches, what will become of us?

Enter Isabella, Theodora, Bellfort and Doubt.

Bell. A Thousand blessings light on thee, my Dear Sister, Witches.

Sir Tim. O Lord! there's the Devil too Courting of a Witch.

Doubt. This is the first Night I ever liv'd, thou Dearest, Sweetest Creature.

Yo. Har. Oh! sweet quoth'st, that's more than I can say of my self at this time.

Isab. We will go and be decently prepared for the Wedding that's Expected.

Theo. Not a word of discovery till the last; creep by the Wall. Ha — who's here?

Isab. Where?

Yo. Har. Oh good Devil don't hurt us, we are your humble Servants.

Bell. In, in, quickly — *[Ex. Bellfort and Doubt.]*

Sir Tim. Lights, Lights, Help, Help, Murder, Murder, Oh good Devil don't hurt me; I am a Whoremaster.

Yo. Har. And I am Drunkard; Help, Help, Murder. *[Ex. Ladies.]*

Enter Tom Shackled with a Candle, and Pyar O Death.

Tom Sha. What's the Matter?

Priest. Phaast is de matter, Joy.

Sir Tim. O Nuncle! here have been Devils and Witches; they are flown away with our Candles; and put us in fear of our lives. *[Thunder and Lightning.]*

Tom Sha. Here's a great Storm arising — what can be the matter? the Hags are at Wark by'r Lady; and they come to me by the mail; I ha gotten my brawd Sword, Ayft now 'em down, god faith will I.

Priest.

11. *Myriophyllum*, *Horsetails* & *Camp*, and I will conjure about this Temple,
fair as bee. the great of the hands

1-7-20. Saw 36 frogs that Thunderclap looks the same. Cattle burn blue too.

Sir ~~Tue~~ ~~Dear~~ ~~it goes out, what will become of us?~~ and in the end of the day

Tom. Sha. An the Witches come, byn Lady sayt mow 'em down with my brawd
Sword & aught ol. -- I have shoo one Witch flying toon Neeght allready.

gain Enter Mr. Hargrave, M. Mudge, and two Murches more; they Mew, and
of them on job I spit like Cats and fly at 'em, and scratch 'em, send 'em

Yo. Har. What's this! we are set upon by Cats!

Sir Tim. They are Witches in the shape of Cats, what shall we do?

12. **High Noon** - What will the 1st Can. City Step Orchestra has scheduled only 712 songs
Compare song titles in fight. Carolan's new Can. City & G. They Scratch all their Fingers

... till the 'Blond runs about' em...

Tom, who have you all had

World's first of corn by the Mass. they
are fled, but I am plaguily scratcht.

Prisli. Dey were afraid of my khatana. Mand de ligm of de Cross did make dem

but dey have scratcht a great deal upon my faasb, for all dat!

Sir Tom. And mine too—that these damn'd Withches should disfigure my

maintenance upon my Wedding Day?

Yo. *Ha!* O Lord, what a Temple's this? and if no show and yet yet! *[Thunder.*

Sir: I'll Heaven what a Storm is this! The Witches and all their Imps are at

WORKS? Who are these? Hah! — your Faces are all bloody.

Sir Tim. We have been frightened out of our Wits; we have been assaulted by

Priest. But I did fright dem away! by my Shoule.

Sir Jeff. Why, you are as much as dead as any one; nay, they are at Work.—

ever remembered such Thunder and Lightning; bid 'em ring out all the Bells

Priest: I will * Baptize all your Cells for you. * *Wierl pref. Den. lib. 1. pag. 43. and 44.*

and then they will stop the Tempest in— } shows, that it is the opinion of Papists,

ed, and not before, I tell you, oh, Baptized

Bells are braave things, fait.

Sir Tim. Yes, I believe the great Bell at *Oxford* was Christen'd *Tom*.

Yo, Har. And that at Lincoln has a Christen name too.

Priest. I toll de Joy, I vill carry de host and some reliques abroad, and we vill get a black Chicken, and make one of de Viches throw it into de Airé, and it vill

ak stop upon de Tempest.

Mr. Jeff. Why, all the Authors say, *S. Nider in fornicario* cites this from a Judge, who had

...sacrificing a black Chicken, so, will it be from the Confession of a Witch, cap. 4.

Tom. Sha. What's here, a haund & uds Fleh, you see I have cut off a haund of

of the Hagg.

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Sir Jeff. Let's see, this is a lucky Bridal; keep it and be what it will be, and tis enough to hang her.

Priest. The Son is bidden to fly; I did hear some such, and part of the Gospel of St. John, and in fine, *fugite tempestatem*, and it does go away upon it. Indeed

Tom. Sha. We may trace her by her Blood.
Sir Tim. But hark you, what's the reason why Hawks wanted their Pidgeon's Prize? but I shall remember you for it; you think to live like a Lubber here, and do nothing.

Tom. Sha. Peace, I was drunken, Peace, good Sir Timothy, I'll do no more so.

Sir Jeff. Methinks all on a sudden the Storm is laid away.

Serv. Sir, the Constable and the rest of us have taken the whole flock of Witches: but they fell upon us like Cats feet, but we have beaten ten upon Witches, and now we have 'em fast.

Sir Jeff. So now, their Power's gone when they are taken, let's go for 'em.

Yo. Har. I'll wash my Face and away a Hawking, not this from's above this broad day.

Sir Edm. I will call up Bingham and Masch, and wake the two Brides with a Serenade this Morning.

Enter Sir Edward and his Men with a Light.

Sir Edm. It has been a dreadful Storm, and strangely laid o'th' sudden, this is a joyfull day to me: I am now in Hopes to strengthen and preserve my Family; my poor Daughter has the worst on't, but finds recovery; and will mould Sir Timothy to what he pleases: she is good natured, and she loves her, and his Estate's beyond Exception. Go call my Son to me, bid him rise, this day, put on the Bangle now.

Should he be called now? — I shall I shall say so! — Servant!
This Son, I out of Duty must provide for; for there's a Duty from a Father to make what he begets as happy as he can; and yet this Fool makes me as unhappy as he can; but that I call Philosophy to my aid, I could not bear him.

How? — Enter Young Hartford and Servant.

Yo. Har. How now, your Face scratcht! what were you drunk last night, and have been in at Cuffs?

Yo. Har. No, Sir Timothy, I, and Togue O'Donnelly, and Tom Shackleshead were assaulted by Witches in the Shape of Cats, and Tom Shackleshead has cut off one of the Cats Hands; and all the Witches are taken, and are in the Stable under a strong Guard.

Sir Edm. What foolish wild story is this; you have been drunk in Ale, that makes such Foggy Dreams.

Yo. Har. 'S bud, Sir, the story is true, you'll find it so.

Sir Edm. How now! what makes you fluted upon your wedding day?

Yo. Har. Why, I am going a Hawking this Morning; and I'll come home time enough to be marry'd.

Sir Edm. Thou most incorrigible Ass, whom no precept or example can teach common sense to, that would have made thee full of Joy at thy approaching happiness; it would have fill'd thy Mind, there could have been no room for any other object; no have a good Estate settled upon thee, and to be marry'd to a Woman of that Beauty, and that Wit and Wisdom, I have not known her equal, would

have

have transported any one but such a God of Earth as thou art; thou art an Excrement broken from me, not my Son.

Yo. Har. Why Sir, I am transported; but can't one be transported with Hawking too? I love it, as I love my Life, would you have a Gentleman neglect his Sports?

Sir Edw. None but the vilest Men will make their sports their business; their Books, their Friends, their Kindred and their Country should concern 'em: such drones serve not the ends of their Creation, and should be lopt off from the rest of Men.

Yo. Har. A Man had better dye than leave his Sport; tell me of Books? I think there's nothing in 'em for my Part; and for Musick I had as live fit in the Stocks, as here your fine Songs; I love a Bagpipe well enough, but there's no Musick like a deep Mouth'd Hound.

Sir Edw. Thou most excessive Block-head, thou art enough to imblitter all my sweets; thou art a Wen belonging to me, and I shall do well to cut thee off; but do you hear Fool, go and dress your self, and wait upon your Bride, or by Heaven I will disinheret you. This is the Critical day, on which your happiness or misery depends; think on that.

[*Ex. Sir Edward.*]

Yo. Har. Was ever so devilish a Father to make one neglect one's sport, because he's no sport's-man himself; A Pox on Marrying, could not I Hawk and Marry too? well I am resolv'd I'll steal out after I am Marry'd.

Enter *Sir Timothy* and *Musick*.

Sir Tim. Come on: Place your selves just by her Chamber, and play—and sing that Song I love so well.

Song.

My Dear, my Sweet, and most delicious Bride,
Awake, and see thine own Dear waiting at the Door;
Surely she cannot sleep for thinking of me, poor Rogue.

Isabella above. { Who's this disturbs my Rest! is it thou? I thought 'twas some
Imperpertinent Coxcomb or other; dost thou hear, carry away
that scurvy Face from me, as soon as possibly thou canst.

Sir Tim. Well, you have a pleasant way with you, you'll never leave your pretty humours, I see that.

Isab. Ha? Thou hast been scratoing with Wenches, was not thy face ugly enough but thou must disfigure it more than Nature has done? one would have thought that had don't enough.

Sir Tim. Faith thou art a pretty Wag, thou'lt never leave thy Roguery; Wenches, why 'twas done by Witches, who in the shape of Cats, had like to have kill'd us: Your Brother, my Uncle, and the Irish Man, are all as bad as I.

Isab. Prithce begun, and mend thy Face; I cannot bear it.

Sir Tim. Ay, ay; it's no matter, I'll come into thy Chamber, I must be familiar with you—

Isab. And I will be very free with you; you are a Nauseous Fool, and you shall never come into my Chamber. S'life, would you begin your Reign before you are Marry'd? no, I'll dominere now—begon.

[*Ex. Isabella.*]

Sir Tim. Nay, faith; I'll not leave you so, you little cross Rogue you; open the dore there, let me in, let me in, I say. [*Theodosia comes out in a Witches habit and a vizor.*]

K

Theo.

Theo. Who's that? Thou art my Love, come into my Arms.

Sir Tim. Oh the Witch! the Witch! help, help. [*He runs out, Theodosia returns.*]

Enter *Sir Jeffery, Lady, Teague O. Divelly, Tom. Shacklehead, Clod,*
and *Sir Jeffery's Clark.*

Sir Jeff. So, now thou art come, my Dear, I'll dispatch the Witches, they are all taken and Guarded in the Stable: *Clod*, bid 'em bring 'em all hither.

La. Sha. That's well, are they caught? let 'em come before us, we will order 'em.

Sir Jeff. I would do nothing without thee my Dear.

Priest. Here *Lady*, Taake some 1. Conjur'd shalt and put upon dee and palme, and shome Holy-wax daat I did bring for dis occasion, and de Witches will not hurt dy Laadyship.

La. Sha. Thank you Sir.

Priest. I did give dy Husband shome before Joy, but I will speak a word unto you all, let every one 2 spit three times upon deir Bosshomes, and Cross demselves, it is brave upon dis occasion.

Sir Jeff. It shall be done.

Priest. Daat is very well now.

Let no Vitch 3: touch no part about you, and let 'em come vid deir Arthes before deir Faashes, phen dey come to Confession or Examinacion. We have eye-biting Witches in *Eerland*, that kill vid deir Countenance.

Sir Jeff. This a very Learned and Wise Man.

La. Sha. He is a great Man indeed, we are nothing to him.

Priest. You vill seee now, now I will speak unto dem, here dey come; I shay bring their Arthes before deir Faashes.

They enter with the Witches.

Tom. Sha. Bring 'em backward, thus.

Sir Jeff. You *Clod*, and you *Tom Shacklehead* have sworn sufficiently against the Witch *Spencer*, and so has that Country Fellow.

M. Spencer. I am an Innocent Woman, and they have broken my Arm with a shot, Rogues, Villains, Murderers.

Priest. Dey are angry, daat is a certain sign of a Vitch; and dey cannot cry, daat is another shigne; look to 'em dey do not put spittle upon deir Faashes to maake beliese daat do weep: Yet *Bodin* dosh shay, daat a Vitch can cry three drops vid ber right Eye, I tell you.

Sir Jeff. Have you searcht 'em all as I bid you Woman?

Woman. Yes, an't please your Worship, and they have all great Biggs and Treats in many parts, except Mother *Madge*, and hers are but small ones.

La. Sha. It is enough, make their *Misimus*, and send 'em all to Gaol.

Witches. { I am innocent, I am innocent.
Save my Life, I am no Witch,
I am innocent, save my Life.

Priest. Ven dey do they dey are innocent, and desire to shave deir Lives, 'tis a shertain shigne of a Vitch, fait and trot.

Woman. Besides, this Woman, *Margaret Demdike* by name, threatn'd to be revenged on me, and my Cow has been suckt dry ever since, and my Child has had fits.

M. Demd. She lies, she lies, I am innocent.

Tom.

Tom. Sha. This is she that had a haund cut off, it fits her to a hair.

Sir Jeff. 'Tis enough: 'Tis enough.

M. Harg. Must I be hang'd for having my Hand cut off? I am innocent, I am innocent.

1. *Mall. Malef.* *Infinor Springer*, Part. 3. Quæst. 15. A caution to the Judges, *Secum deferant sal exorcizatum in Dominica die palmarum & herbas benedictas: He enim res infimal cum cera benedicta involuta & in collo deputata, &c. mirum habent efficaciam, &c.* [I have made my Irish Man translate the Latin false on purpose.] 2. For spitting in their Bosomes, see *Tibullus*, *Eleg. 2. Ter Cano, ter distis despuæ carminibus.* And in *Eleg. 1. Despuis in molles & sibi quisque sinus.* This *Theocritus* mentions, *ὡς μὲν βαρ-
νισθὶ τῆς ἐν τῷ ὕδατι ἀλάω,* And several other Authors, particularly *Theophrastus libro de characte-
rismis*, (speaking of superstitious Persons, *μαγιστὰς τοῖς ἰσχυροῖς ἀνδράσιν ἀπὸ τῶν ἀνδρῶν ἐκ κἀκῶν ἐνδύσασθαι,* for they thought they that were mad, or had the Falling-sickness, were possessed with Devils. 3. *Mall. Ma-
lef.* part. 3. Quæst. 15. *Non permittant se ab eaungi corporaliter.* Id. *Ibid. Et si commode fieri potest, ipsa à
tergo deorsum vertendo ad Judices & assessores introducantur.* 4. *Bodin* and several Authors mention this; but *Mal. Malef.* particularly, Part 3. Quæst. 15. pag. 557. *Hoc enim praecertissimum signum, &c. quoddam
transi ad Lacrymandum conjurationibus hortetur aliquis & compellatur,* (and the Inquisitors have an Office
for this, as you will see in the *Plagellum demonum per Fr. Jeron. Menegum.* in the 2. Tome of *Mal. Malef.*)
sed si Malefica existit, Lacrymas emittere non potest, dabit quidem scabiles & ex sputo genas & oculos limare,
&c. Having of Biggs and Teats all modern Witchmongers in England affirm. The cutting off the
Hand is an old Story.

Constab. Did not you say to my Wife, you would be reveng'd on me? and has not she been struck with Pain in her Rump-bone ever since? and did not my Sow cast her farrow last Night.

Harg. You should send your Brother to Gaol for cutting my Hand off.

Tom. Sha. What for cutting a Cat's Hand off? you were a Cat when I cut it off.

Tho. o Georges. An't please your Worship, this Woman, Garter *Dikinson*, who threped and threped, and aw to becaw'd me last Night i'th' lone, and who said he would be reveng'd on me; and this Morning at four a Clock Butter would not come, nor the Ale warck a bit, who has bewitcht it.

Sir Jeff. I have heard enough, send 'em all to the Gaol.

La. Sha. You must never give a Witch any Milk, Butter, Cheese, or any thing that comes from the Cows.

Priest. Now dou damn'd Vitch, I will be after sheeing dee hang'd indeed, I did taake her by my shoule—

Dick. I am a poor innocent Woman, I am abused, and I am his Wife an't please your Worship: He had knowledge of me in a Room in the Gallery, and did promise me Marriage.

Sir Jeff. Ha! What's this?

Priest. By my shalvaation I am innocegt as de Child unborn, I speak it before Heav'n, I did never make fornication in my Life.

Afide. Vid my Noftrills; dere is mental reservaaion. I am too subtil for dem indeed gra. To them. It is Malice upon me.

La. Sha. There is something in this story, but I dare not speak of it.

Sir Jeff. I do believe you, Mr. O Devilly.

Dicken. Besides, he is a Popish Priest.

Priest. Aboo, boo, boo, a Priest! I vill taak de Oades Fait and trot; I did never taake Holy Orders since I was bore.

Aside. In *Jamaica*. Dere is another Mental reservation too; and it is Lawfull.

Constab. Indeed Sir, I have been told he is a Popish Priest, and has been at *Rome*.

Priest. I speak it in de Presence of all de Saints, daät I did never see *Rome*, in all my Life. *Aside.* Vid de Eyes of a Lyon. Dere was another by my shoule.

Sir Jeff. Take away the Witches, there is their *Missimus*, carry 'em all to *Lancaster*.

Witches. I am innocent, I am innocent.

Constab. Come on, you Hagg; now your Master the Devil has left you.

[*Ex. Const. and Witches.*]

Sir Jeff. Sir, you must excuse me; I must give you the Oaths upon this Information.

Priest. And by my shoule, Joy, I will taak dem, and twenty or thirty more Oades if dou dosht please indeed, I will take 'em all to serve dee, Fait and Trot.

Sir Jeff. Come into the Hall, there's the Statute Book.

La. Sha. I will go in and see if the Brides be ready.

Enter *Sir Edward, Belfort* and *Doubty*.

Sir Edw. Gentlemen, this day I am to do the great Duty of a Father in providing for the settlement of my Children; this day we will dedicate to Mirth, I hope you will partake with me in my Joy.

Bell. I should have had a greater share in any Joy that could affect so worthy a Man, had not your Daughter been the onely Person, I ever saw, whom I could have fixt my Love upon; But I am unhappy that I had not the Honour to know you till it was too late.

Sir Edw. This had been a great Honour to me, and my Daughter, and I am sorry I did not know it sooner, and assure you it is some trouble upon me.

Doubt. How like a Gentleman he takes it! but I have an *Als*, Nay, two deal with.

Enter *Lady Shacklehead*, and *Isabella*, and *Theodosia*.

La. Sha. Good morrow, Brother, our brace of Brides are ready, where are the lusty Bridegrooms?

Sir Edw. Heav'n grant this may prove a happy day.

La. Sha. Mr. *Doubty*, was ever such an unlucky Night as we have had?

Doubt. 'Tis happy to me, who was assur'd of the Love of one I love much more than all the Joys on Earth.

La. Sha. Now you make me blush, I swear it is a little too much.

Bell. Ladies, I wish you much joy of this day.

Doubt. Much Happiness to you.

Enter *Sir Jeffery*, and *Tegue O Devilly*.

Sir Jeff. Brother, good Morrow to you; this is a happy day, our Families will soon be one: I have sent all the Witches to the Goal.

Sir Edw. Had you Evidence enough?

Sir Jeff. Ay, too much; this Gentleman was accused for being a Papist, and a Priest, and I have given him the Oaths, and my Certificate, and on my Conscience he is a very good Protestant.

Priest. It is no matter, I did taak de Oades, and I am a very good Protestant upon occasion, Fait.

Sir Edw. Say you so? between you and I, how many Sacraments are there?

Priest.

Priest. How many? by my soule deere are shaven; how many would deere be sink you
Hob? by my soule I have a dispensation; indeed I am too cunning for 'em, fait I am.
 [Aside.]

Sir Edw. So here are the Bridegrooms.

Enter Sir Timothy, and Yo. Harifort, Servant.

Sir Tim. Oh my Dear pretty Bride, let me kifs thy hand, how joyful am I, that I
 shall have my Dear within these armes! ah! now the little Rogue can smile upon me.

Yo. Har. Cousin, good morrow to you, I am glad to see you, how do you do this
 Morning?

Theo. Never better.

Yo. Har. God be thanked, I am very glad on't.

Sir Edw. Is not the Parson come yet?

Serv. Yes Sir, he is very busy at his Breakfast in the buttery! And as soon as he
 has finisht his Pipe and his Tankard—he will wait on you: he has Marry'd one
 Cupple already, The *Chaplain* and *Mrs. Susan*.

Sir Edw. How.

Serv. 'Tis true.

Sir Edw. I am sorry for't, that *Chaplain* is a Rascal — I have found him out,
 and will turn him away —

Enter another Servant.

Serv. Sir, here are some of your Tenants and Country-men come to be merry
 with you, and have brought their Piper and desire to daunce before you.

Enter several Tenants, and Country Fellows.

Tenants. We are come to with your worship, my Young-Master and Lady Joy of
 this happy day.

Sir Edw. You are kindly welcome, Neighbours; this is happiness indeed, to see
 my Friends, and all my loving Neighbours thus about me.

All. Heavens blest your good Worship.

Sir Edw. These honest men are the strength and sinews of our Contrey; such men
 as these are uncorrupted; and while they stand to us we fear no Papists, nor French
 invasion; this day we will be merry together.

Clod. Aylt make bold to daunce for joy.

Sir Edw. Prethee do —

[*Clod. Dances.*]

Go bid the Parson come in, we will dispatch this business here before you all.

Isab. Hold, there needs no Parson.

Sir Edw. What say you?

Sir Jeff. How!

Isab. We are Marry'd already, and desire your blessing.

Sir Edw. It is impossible.

[*Bell. Doubt, Isab. and Theo. kneel.*]

La. Sha. Heav'n! what's this I see?

Sir Jeff. Thieves! Robbers! Murderers of my honour, I'll hang that Fellow.

Sir Edw. What pageantry is this? explain your self.

Sir Tim. What a Devil do they mean now?

Bell. The truth is Sir, we are Marry'd; we found you Fathers were too far engag'd
 to break off: Love forced us to this way, and nothing else can be a fit excuse.

Doubt.

Doubt. We have desired this ever since last Summer, and any other but a private way, had certainly prevented it. Her excess of Love excule our fault. *Sir Jeffery.* I will exceed what settlement was made upon your Daughter.

Bell. And I will, Sir, do the same Right to yours. *Sir Jeff.* Flesh and Heart—I'll Murder her.

Doubt. Hold Sir, she is mine now; I beseech you moderate your passion.

La. Sha. Oh vile Creature; I'll tear her Eyes out.

Doubt. Forbear, good Madam: What cannot be redrest must be past by.

La. Sha. Thou worst of Thieves, thou knowest I can ne're pass it by.

Sir Jeff. *Sir Edward*, you may do what you will, but I'll go in and meditate revenge.

La. Sha. And I ———

[*Ex. Sir Jeffery and Lady.*]

Sir Tim. Hold, hold me, I am bloody minded, and shall commit Murder else; my honour, my honour, I must kill him; hold me fast, or I shall kill him.

Yo. Har. For my part Cousin, I wish you Joy, for I am resolved to hunt and hawk, and course as long as I live —

Sir Tim. Cruel Woman, I did not think you would have serv'd me so; I shall run mad, and hang my self, and walk.

Priest. Now phaat is de soleedity of all dish — phy all ish paashit; and what vill you say now? You must taak thome Consolation unto you — Dou must Fornicate vid dy Moders Maid-servants; and daat is all one by my shoule.

Sir Edw. Hold, Gentleman, who Marry'd you?

Bell. This Gentleman, who is under his gray Coat, my Parson.

Sir Edw. 'Tis something unhospitable.

Bell. I hope Sir, you'll not have cause to repent it; had there been any other way for me to have escap'd perpetual misery, I had not taken this.

Sir Edw. But you Sir have most Injur'd me.

Doubt. I beg a Thousand pardons, Tho' I must have perisht if I had not done it.

Theo. It is no injury Sir, I never could have lov'd your Son; we must have been unhappy.

Isab. And I had been miserable with Sir *Timothy*.

Yo. Har. To say truth, I did not much care for her neither, I had rather not marry.

Sir Edw. Eternal Blockhead! I will have other means to preserve my Name: Gentlemen, you are men of ample Fortunes and worthy Families — Sir, I wish you happiness with my Daughter, take her.

Bell. You have given me more than my own Father did, than life and fortune.

Isab. You are the best of Fathers, and of Men.

Sir Edw. I will endeavour to appease *Sir Jeffery* and my *Lady*.

Doubt. You are Generous beyond expression, Sir.

[*Enter Chaplain and Susan.*]

Chaplain. Sir, I hope your Worship will pardon me, I am Marry'd to Mrs. *Susan*.

Sir Edw. You are a Villain, that has made love to my Daughter, and corrupted my Son.

Chap. Have they told all, I am ruin'd? good Sir, continue me your Chaplain, and I will Do and Preach whatever you command me.

Sir Edw. I'll not have a Divine with so flexible a Conscience, there shall be no such Vipers in my Family; I will take care you never shall have Orders. But she has serv'd

fery'd me well, and I will give her a Farm of 40. *l per annum* to Plow : Go Sir, it was an Office you were born to.

Priest. Did I not bid de Fornicatee? and don didst Marry Joy; if dou hadst not maade Marriage, I would have maade dee a Catholick, and preferred dee to Saint Omers, *Dey should have bred dee for one of deir Winessees, fait.*

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. I must beg your pardon Sir, I have a warrant against this Kelly, *Alias Tegue* O *Divelly* — he is accus'd for being in the Plot.

Sir Edw. My house is no refuge for Traytors, Sir.

Priest. Aboo, boo, boo! by my shalvaation dere is no Plot, and I vill not go vid you. Dou art a damn'd Fanaatick, if dou dosht shay dere is a Plot. Dou art a Presbyterian Dogg.

Mess. No striving, come along with me:

Priest. Pha!t vill I do: I am Innocent as de Child dat it is to be born; and if they vill hang me, I vill be a shaint indeed. *My hanging Speech was made for me long a go by de Jesuits, and I have it ready, and I vill live and dy by it, by my shoule.*

Mess. Gentlemen, I charge you in the King's Name assit me.

Sir Edw. Come Gentlemen, I wish you both the Happiness you deserve. How shallow is our Foresight and our Prudence! Be ne're so wise, design what e'er we will, There is a Fate that over-rules us still.

F I N I S.

EPICLOGUE.

By Mrs. BARRY and TEGUE.

Mrs. Barry. **A** Scilful Mistress uses wondrous art,
To keep a peevish crazy Lover's Heart.

His awkward Limbs forgetful of Delights,
Must be urged on by Tricks and Painful Nights,
Which the poor Creature is content to bear,
Fine Mantleaus and new Petticoats to wear,
And Sirs, your sickly Appetites to raise,

The starving Players try a thousand ways,
To draw a Spanish Toyer of his Days,
And you we have presented you with Toppies,
Which with much Cost from Ireland we have bought,
If he be dull, en'e hang him for the good.

Tegue. Now have a care, for if you show Spalvation,
Dish will offend a Party in de Nation.

Mrs. Barry. They that are angry must be very Beasts,
For all Religious laugh at foolish Priests.

Tegue. By Creech, I swear, de Poet has undone me,
Some simple Tory will maak beat upon me.

Mrs. Barry. Good Protestants, I hope you will not see,
A Martyr made of our poor Tony Leigh.
Our Popes and Fryars on one side offend,
And yet alas the City's not our Friend:

The City nesther like us nor our Wit,
They say their Wives learn * ogling in the Pit.
They'r from the Boxes taught to make advances,
To answers stolen Sighs and naughty Glances.

We vertuous Ladys some new ways must seek,
For all conspire our playing Trade to break.
If the bold Poet freely shows his Vein,
In every Place the snarling Fops complain;

Of your gross Follies, if you will not bear,
With inoffensive Nonsense you must bear.
You, like the Husband, never shall receive
Half the delight the sportfull Wife can give.

A Poet dares not whip this foolish Age,
You cannot bear the Physick of the Stage.

* A foolish Word among the Canters for glancing.